

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS WOODNUTT MILLER, A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN OF DELAWARE AND NEVADA

Interviewee: Thomas W. Miller

Interviewed: 1965

Published: 1966

Interviewer: Mary Ellen Glass

UNOHP Catalog #012

Description

Thomas W. Miller was born in 1886 in Wilmington, Delaware, a member of one of that state's political families. Miller's own career in politics began when he was still a very young man, and has continued to the present time. Through a combination of opportunity and ability, Thomas W. Miller has had a rare opportunity to serve his fellow man in careers spanning more than a half-century of public service, and in city as well as in state and national governments. His political career began in 1913 when he was selected to become secretary of state of Delaware. The choice was unusual in that his father, at the same time, began serving a term as governor of that state. The following year Miller was elected to the House of Representatives from Delaware and there served a single term from 1915 to 1917.

Another phase of Mr. Miller's career began in 1917, when he entered the United States Army. From July to November of 1918, Miller participated in many of the important battles on the Western Front and, at the war's end, had risen to the rank of colonel. The friendships and contacts made during the war led him to an active interest in veterans affairs, particularly in the role that the veteran might play in post-war years. As a result of this interest, he took part in the formation of the American Legion and has continued to the present day as one of the most active voices of that organization on both the state and the national levels.

Colonel Miller returned to politics and became engaged in the presidential campaign of 1920 as one of the campaign managers for General Leonard Wood in the latter's fight for the Republican nomination. Miller attracted enough attention in that role to win an appointment as Alien Property Custodian from the Harding administration. Unfortunately, his activities in that office involved him in the Harding scandals and ultimately in a prison sentence served at the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia. One of the real achievements in the career of Thomas W. Miller has been the manner in which he recovered from this incident and went on to build a new career of public service.

After receiving a full pardon from President Herbert Hoover, Colonel Miller established permanent residence in the state of Nevada. His interest in Nevada dated back to the early 1900s, when as a youth he had visited the state with his father. At that time his father was involved financially in the development of Tonopah, a silver camp which soon became the center of Nevada's second great mining boom. Colonel Miller began his career in Nevada in a series of federal positions. Later he was appointed chairman of the Nevada State Park Commission, and during the Second World War he served on the Nevada Defense Council. More recently he was named chairman of the Reno Park and Horticultural Commission. In addition, he has served his community for over thirty years in many less official, although not less important, capacities. Since 1933, Colonel Miller has been an active and influential participant in nearly every local and state election. His remarks about the behind-the-scenes maneuvering in the various political campaigns in Nevada and his analysis of issues and participants will be invaluable to historians and political scientists.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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<http://www.unr.edu/oralhistory>

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Printed in the United States of America

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Thomas W. Miller was born in 1886, in Wilmington, Delaware, a member of one of that state's political families. Miller's own career in politics began when he was still a very young man, and has continued to the present time. Professor Russell R. Elliott's introduction summarizes and evaluates Miller's contributions to the politics and society of Delaware, Nevada, and the United States.

Thomas W. Miller read a newspaper article about the University of Nevada Oral History Project, and volunteered to record his memoirs. Seven recording sessions followed, conducted in the office of the Reno City Park Department between July 6, and August 2, 1965. Colonel Miller was a very cooperative interviewee, responding fully to questions and adding his own pertinent comments.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies attempts to preserve the past and the present for future research by tape recording the reminiscences of persons who have played important roles in the development of the West. Scripts

resulting from the interviews are deposited in the Nevada and the West Collection of the University of Nevada Library. Permission to cite or quote from Thomas W. Miller's oral history may be obtained from the Center for Western North American Studies.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada
1966

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

Through a combination of opportunity and ability, Thomas W. Miller has had a rare opportunity to serve his fellow man, in careers spanning more than a half-century of public service and in city as well as in state and national governments.

His political career began in 1913 when he was selected to become Secretary of State of Delaware. The choice was unusual in that his father, at the same time, began serving a term as governor of that state. The following year Miller was elected to the House of Representatives from Delaware and there served a single term from 1915-1917.

Another phase of Mr. Miller's career began in 1917 when he entered the United States Army. From July to November of 1918, Miller participated in many of the important battles on the Western front and at the war's end had risen to the rank of Colonel. The friendships and contacts made during the war led him to an active interest in veteran affairs, particularly in the role that the veteran might play in post war years. As a result of this interest he took part in the formation of The

American Legion and has continued to the present day as one of the most active voices of that organization on both the state and the national levels.

Colonel Miller could not resist the urge to return to politics and soon was engaged in the presidential campaign of 1920 as one of the campaign managers for General Leonard Wood in the latter's fight for the Republican nomination. He attracted enough attention in that role to win an appointment as Alien Property Custodian from the Harding administration. Unfortunately, his activities in that office involved him in the Harding scandals and ultimately in a prison sentence served at the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia. One of the real achievements in the career of Thomas W. Miller has been the manner in which he recovered from this incident and went on to build a new career of public service which continues to the present time.

After receiving a full pardon from President Herbert Hoover, Colonel Miller established permanent residence in the state

of Nevada. His interest in Nevada dated back to the early 1900's, when as a youth he had visited the state with his father who at the time was involved financially in the development of Tonopah, a silver camp which soon became the center of Nevada's second great mining boom.

Colonel Miller began his career in Nevada in a series of federal positions. Later he was appointed Chairman of the Nevada State Park Commission and during the second world war, also served on the Nevada Defense Council. More recently he was named Chairman of the Reno Park and Horticultural Commission. In addition, he has served his community and state for over thirty years in many less official, although not less important, capacities. Since 1933, Colonel Miller has been an active and influential participant in nearly every local and state election. His remarks about the behind-the-scenes maneuvering in the various political campaigns in Nevada and his analysis of issues and participants will be invaluable to historians and political scientists.

The Oral History Project of the Center for Western North American Studies, under the direction of Mrs. Mary Ellen Glass, was fortunate indeed to have been able to interview Colonel Thomas W. Miller. The result is a primary source for the history of Nevada and the United States and one which might well have been lost except for the medium of the oral history interview.

Russell R. Elliott
Professor of History

INTRODUCTION TO MY FAMILY

My father was Charles R. Miller, who was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, on September 30, 1857.

My mother was Abigail Morgan Woodnutt, who was born on November 30, 1858, at Richmond, Indiana. Both were of Quaker ancestry. They both graduated from Swarthmore College near Philadelphia in the class of 1879.

They were married in December, 1884, and moved to Wilmington, Delaware. My father practiced law and banking in Philadelphia; my mother was active in all phases of community and civic activities such as being chairman of the hospital board, the New Century Clubs, the Red Cross, the Colonial Dames, the suffrage movement and other civic enterprises.

My father was governor of Delaware from 1913 to 1917.

My sister, Mrs. De Forest P. Willard, resides at Sea Island, Georgia. My brother Clem, who deceased in 1924, was the father of Clement W. Miller, a young California

Congressman who was killed in an airplane accident in 1962.

One of my earliest memories was the 1893 World Colombian Exposition, where I first became interested in collecting stamps. I also remember that I was an acute asthma victim, and was cured by the use of eye glasses.

My Quaker grandmother, Mrs. Hannah Morgan Woodnutt, had great influence over me. I spent many a Sunday at the Fifteenth and Race Streets Quaker meeting in Philadelphia.

I attended Friend's School at Wilmington, Delaware, until 1900. I attended the William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia until 1902, and the Hotchkiss School at Lakeville, Connecticut, between 1902 and 1905. I happened to be sent to the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Connecticut, in December 1902, because I remained on the Oddie Ranch in the Monitor Valley, Nevada, over the time that I was expected to come back to school, and as a consequence missed my Christmas

and Easter vacations. While I was at the Hotchkiss School, I suffered a bad attack of scarlet fever, which kept me from coming to Nevada that year.

I went from Hotchkiss School to Yale University where I graduated in 1908. I was prominent in debating teams, football and baseball and was on the varsity crew squad at Yale. My favorite studies were history and geography, in which I was very proficient and which I attribute to my early stamp collecting interests. I also enjoyed English and English composition. The latter stood me in good stead in publicity work and public speaking later on in life. I was not very proficient in mathematics or the sciences, but managed to pass for my diploma.

I became interested in the Naval Academy as a young boy, because I went down there a number of times to row against the Naval Academy crew with the Yale crew squad. But unfortunately, on account of my eyes, I could not pass the physical examination. I was, however, instrumental in having quite a few good football players go to Annapolis over the years. I have always supported the Navy team against all corners, even my own college of Yale.

I was married to Miss Katherine Marie Tallman of Wilmington, Delaware, on October 4, 1913. I well remember the wedding trip we took to Europe, crossing the ocean on the Holland-American line, Nordham, and visiting Paris, France, London, England, etc., where we had friends either of our family or otherwise. It was quite a visit. My son was born on June 30, 1915, in Wilmington, Delaware. We named him Thomas Lloyd Miller, after one of our great, great grandparents, Thomas Lloyd, who was one of the first colonial governors of Pennsylvania under William Penn. So we come from an old line of Quakers.

My son was a little boy when we moved to Washington later on that year to take my seat in Congress.

All during our time there in Washington, we were of course entertaining a lot with friends who had come to Washington from all over the country, as well as new found friends in the official and other sets that we moved about in. When I went overseas with the 79th Division in 1918, my wife and my infant son moved back to Wilmington, Delaware, where they lived until I returned from overseas. During the political campaign of 1920, my wife accompanied me on a lot of our trips and tours because she was greatly interested in the situation and of course was a great help in entertaining and taking care of the many people that you have to meet and do something for on trips like that.

My daughter was born on January 2, 1921. Her name was Georgiana Tallman Miller, after one of her mother's great aunts. Since that time her name has been shortened to Gina, although her birth certificate shows the full name.

All during my busy career during the 1920's and when I would be coming to Nevada time and again, my wife and my two children would accompany me here. I remember the year 1926 to 1927 when we were living on the Alder Creek Ranch out of Denio, which was owned by Jim Scrugham and myself. My children and their friends and my wife's friends from both California and the East were our guests.

I remember we had a plague of little sidewinder rattlesnakes at the ranch. My daughter, who was only about six years of age, would persist in trying to herd them around with a long stick until I had to take drastic punishment to keep her from mixing up with them.

In spite of the fact that I became a legal resident of Nevada in December, 1933, my wife and daughter remained in Wilmington, Delaware, which was their home and where they had all of their friends and connections. My daughter attended the Westover School in Middlebury, Connecticut, from which she was graduated in 1939. During these years, I was able to get back to Delaware quite often to see them, and they would come out here to visit me.

On January 22, 1942, my only daughter Georgiana was married to Mr. George Perkins Bissell, Jr., a Yale graduate of 1940.

His parents had been friends of mine for many years in Wilmington, Delaware, although they were in a much older set. I was present and duly gave my daughter away at the church ceremony which married them.

Great numbers of my friends attended the wedding, and particularly my old buddies in the 79th Division who were still living around Philadelphia. We had a very convivial time of it which is spoken of even to this day, many years afterwards.

On March 22, 1946, my first granddaughter was born, and named Lesley Willard Bissell.

(You may wonder where the Willard comes into the middle name of some of these grandchildren. My own sister, Margaretta Miller, married a very famous orthopedic surgeon in Philadelphia back in 1926, named Dr. DeForest Porter Willard who is now deceased. The grandchildren bearing the middle name of Willard is a tribute to her.) On December 17, 1948, a second daughter was born to my daughter; her name is Beverly Stevenson Bissell. Both daughters went to the Tower Hill School in Wilmington, Delaware, where they were interested in athletics.

The older one, Lesley, made a good scholarship record; however, Beverly, the younger one, is quite a little rogue.

Whenever there would be any disruption of decorum it seemed that my granddaughter Beverly was more or less behind it.

My daughter was told that unless things improved, she would have to go to another school. Beverly corrected her habits, however.

Eventually my oldest granddaughter Lesley was ready for college. In 1963, my daughter wanted her to prepare to go away to college, so many trips were taken in 1963 visiting the various colleges in the country; Smith College, and Sweetbriar College in Sweetbriar, Virginia—I can't begin to name all the colleges they went to. She was given the opportunity to matriculate at Smith College in Massachusetts or Sweetbriar College in Virginia. It is not often a grandfather's place to interfere in his grandchildren's selection of colleges, but I let my views be known. I hoped that she would go to Sweetbriar where she could absorb some of the what I considered Southern influence rather than the Yankee influence.

I might add that I attended Lesley's graduation at Westover School in June, 1964, and witnessed her being called to the rostrum to be given four very high honors. When I drew up in front of the school during this graduation period, I was wearing an eastern fedora hat made by Cavanaugh in New York, and my granddaughter rushed out and said, "Why, Grandpa, why didn't you wear that nice western sombrero? I told all my friends that they could identify you by that." I had occasion to visit Sweetbriar College on Parents Day (they took me in as a grandparent last October), and I was very much impressed by the institution.

It just happens that Lesley was on her first trip abroad the summer of 1965. She worked in the Greenwood Book Shop in Wilmington, Delaware, June and part of July. She was a member of a party of four visiting

certain points in Europe, with Judge Pearson, formerly of the Delaware Supreme Court, as the chaperone of my granddaughter and his daughters. I received postal cards from them in Austria.

Now to go back to my other granddaughter, Beverly Stevenson Bissell. During 1964, the early part of the year, my daughter decided that it was time for her to go away to school. So after traveling up and down the Atlantic Coast states, she was finally accepted at the Oldfield School, which is a girls' school some thirty or more miles out of Baltimore up in the Maryland Blue Ridge Mountains. Be it said to her credit that she has been on the honor roll ever since she has been there, is head of the student council, and is captain of the tennis team. So her previous antics at Tower Hill School have more or less washed out. During the summer of 1965, she, too, was on her second trip abroad with one of my daughter's friends who has a daughter about her age. I won't regale you with all the trips she has been on. On August 6, 1965, my two granddaughters and their respective parties embarked on the U.S.S. United States to return to this country. When they returned, they took advantage of the rest of their vacation to spend August at their father and mother's estate up in the Adirondacks at Saranac Lake where they go every summer for at least a month. During Easter vacation they go to the home, their parents home, in Del Ray Beach, Florida. So they are quite the travelers.

They came out here some eight years ago to take in Disneyland.

I met them at the plane in Las Vegas and took them all through Death Valley and parts of Nevada, Lake Tahoe, and other places that I know.

So they are familiar with Nevada, as their mother was before them.

My daughter and her two daughters, Lesley and Beverly, flew out here from Delaware to be here on my 80th birthday, June 26, 1966. The National Commander of The American Legion, Mr. L. Eldon James of Hampton, Virginia also was here for the occasion. Beverly then left for Japan with the same party she accompanied abroad last year while Lesley joined Judge Pearson's party to visit Portugal, Greece and London.

Beverly is a student at Bennetts College at Milbank, New York, while Lesley is a junior this year at Sweet Briar College in Virginia.

My son, Thomas Lloyd Miller, entered the United States Naval Academy in June, 1932, and so his career started at that time.

Whenever I was back at the Naval Academy, I always made it a point to visit and invite out to dinner the Nevada midshipmen who were back there.

My son had a very creditable record, being what is called a "company commander" in his first class year. It is a source of great gratification for me to know he graduated there creditably and had a worthy record in the submarine service during World War II.

He was commissioned an ensign upon graduation from Annapolis in 1937, and was assigned to the United States heavy cruiser Astoria attached to the Pacific Fleet.

He served in this capacity for a number of years. On October 13, 1939, he was married in Louisville, Kentucky, to Miss Madeline Russel. She was an orphan, due to the fact that her father and mother and brothers and sisters had lost their lives when their yacht blew up out of Detroit some years before. They left her to be taken care of by her aunt who was living in Louisville, Kentucky. To this union was born a son on June 30, 1941; he was named Russel Tallman Miller.

During the war my son saw active service out of New London, Connecticut, in the

submarine service. He was also assigned to the French submarine which was assigned to the United States Navy to train them in submarine warfare, particularly as related to operations in the Atlantic. Just before the war with Japan was over, he was ordered to the Pacific Coast to take command of our large destroyers operating out of Honolulu, but he did not have time to establish much of a record there because the war was over. In the meantime, he had quite a home in Stonington, Connecticut, which is a short distance—about twelve or fifteen miles away—from the United States submarine base at New London and Groton, Connecticut, on the Thames River.

By reason of a disability incurred in service, my son was declared not physically fit for ocean or overseas service, and was given the alternative of commanding the submarine reserve fleet out of Brooklyn Navy Yard in New York City, which meant that he would only be operating in Long Island Sound and along the Atlantic Coast. He figured that he had rendered sufficient service to the Navy in view of his other service, and so he was furloughed to the reserves as a Commander in 1947 or 1948, I believe.

Since that time, he has been very successful in the investment business. He has acquired a home near Miami, Florida, which he occupies nine months out of the year and returns to his legal, permanent home in Stonington, Connecticut, between June and September. He is a very active member of the New York Yacht Club. His ship, the Tomadrus, won the Sir Thomas Lipton Cup last year in the race between Newport, Rhode Island, and Bermuda. Only recently his ship came in ahead in the New York Yacht Club race from Annapolis, Maryland, to Newport; but due to whatever the official timing and deductions are concerned, he was declared the loser of first place by seven seconds.

My oldest grandson, Russel Tallman Miller, first came to Nevada during the summer of 1956 to be exposed to the life here and work for the United States Forest Service. He was fifteen years of age at the time. After finishing preparatory school in the East, he returned here in 1959. He studied refresher courses in German and other courses so that he could enter the University of Nevada in the fall of 1960, working in the meantime in various jobs around Reno. After two unsuccessful attempts to get beyond the sophomore year, he enlisted in the Coast Guard and was in that service during 1963 when furloughed to the reserves where he is still serving. In August 1963, he married Terence Donovan, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Donovan of Silver City, Nevada. To them have been born two children, a little girl, Sean, and a little boy, Clayton Charles, the latter in honor of my own father.

They now live in Santa Cruz, California, where he is employed.

As long as I am talking about my son and his family, I might add that they had a very nice daughter born in 1947 named after my dear wife, Katherine Tallman Miller, but the little tot only lived to be about eight months.

In July 7, 1949, their second son was born, and named Lloyd Miller. When he was a ten-year-old boy, he spent the summer out here in Nevada with me so I could break him in. He is now a student at the Choate School in Wallingford, Connecticut, where he is active in athletics, and I hope doing well in his studies.

My son had a daughter born on December 30, 1950, named Lindsay Robinson Miller.

She is now fifteen years of age and matriculated at the Dobbs Ferry School for Girls in New York in September, 1965.

My son's youngest son, Bruce Willard Miller, was born on October 14, 1953. He is

an entirely different character than his two older brothers. He is quite a rough neck and seems to be able to take care of himself and has the proclivity of working it out on older and larger boys.

I presume in due course he will learn how to conduct himself in his own class and grade.

I might say that I have very close relations with both of my children in every manner, shape, and form. I have no secrets from them or they from me, and we are a very congenial family, even though we are three thousand miles apart. I take the opportunity whenever I can to get back there, because it is great to have them.

My first wife passed away on April 26, 1945, after a very sad illness brought on by a cancerous condition. On December 24, 1946, I married Mrs. Eleanor Taylor, a girl from Texas who was at that time working for the Department of the Interior and in one of the highest positions in Nevada given to a woman. We have lived very happily and comfortably at 1419 South Arlington Avenue in Reno since then.

MY POLITICAL CAREER, FIRST PHASE

One of my earliest memories, 1892, was a presidential campaign between Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison, which Cleveland won.

I also remember very distinctly the 1896 presidential election between William McKinley and William Jennings Bryan, which was won by McKinley.

And strong in my memory is February 15, 1898, when the United States battleship Maine was blown up in Havana Harbor followed by the declaration of war with Spain, and the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago Harbor July 3, 1898. This started me on a life-long Navy interest which eventually resulted in my one and only son being a graduate of the United States Naval Academy. I make no bones about saying that my family were very active and devoted Republicans. So, in 1892, when Grover Cleveland, who had already been President from 1884 to 1888, and was defeated by Benjamin Harrison for his second term in 1888, came back to win over Harrison again in 1892, there were dire predictions from all of the so-called vested

interests that the country was on the way to the "bow-wows."

This was true particularly in 1896, when William Jennings Bryan was making his pitch to be elected President on the silver platform, and William McKinley represented the gold or conservative platform. There was an indication that Bryan would probably win the presidency, so when the conservatives and the gold platform won in 1896, the so-called business interests thought they had plenty of insurance for safety in the coming years. They did not realize, however, that in September, 1901, by the assassination of William McKinley, and when subsequently Theodore Roosevelt ascended the presidency, that they were going to be in for a pretty rough time of it as far as legislation was concerned from the conservative standpoint.

The one thing I will always remember about the early political campaigns was the torch light processions. Literally thousands would turn out all over the country in every large city and small hamlet after the election returns were in, and celebrate by a torch

light parade. Of course, we did not have the instantaneous reports of the election as we do now on election night, so sometimes these victory parades were postponed until it was certain that either the local, congressional, gubernatorial candidates (or in presidential campaigns the presidential candidate) were successful. I well remember those parades before I got into active politics myself. They not only went through the business sections of a city, but out in the so-called "silk stocking" residential districts to let the people know, oftentimes, that their candidates had not been elected to office.

In 1908, when I was denied the opportunity to return to Nevada, I went to work as a steel roller in the rail mill of the Bethlehem Steel Company in South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. After rising to foreman of a steel mill gang, I decided to go to Washington to study law. I passed the civil service exam and also a foreign service examination for secretary of embassy. Two of my classmates were John Foster Dulles and his brother Allen Dulles. Even though I had passed the test, I did not accept the position of secretary in the diplomatic service. You either have to have a rich wife or a rich mother, and I did not want to be dependent upon either of them. I accepted the position of secretary to Delaware's congressman, William H. Heald. This put me in active politics, a new experience.

In Delaware politics in 1910, one of my first assignments was as a precinct leader of the wards in the city of Wilmington. At that time, college youths were not considered very heavy in politics. I well remember my precinct captain saying, "Look here, young Miller, just because you live in a big house on the right side of the tracks, don't think you're going to be able to handle this district unless you come down to hard tacks. Unless you come within three of estimating what your vote will be on

election day, we'll have a new precinct leader." I took the matter seriously.

I remember when we rang doorbells, and there were a few Negroes living in those districts, we never bothered to ring their doorbells because we always put them down as Republicans. But in ringing doorbells of a number of my father's social friends, I received many rebuffs as to what a young squirt like me was doing in politics. If they didn't want to talk politics with me, it was their own business.

It just happened that I came within three of carrying the district in the general election that year for Congress and so forth, and I found myself city chairman with that precinct captain working under me in the next campaign.

In 1912, there was a bitter battle in both the Democratic and Republican Parties for the nomination of president. I happened to be one of those who was a Taft delegate at the 1912 convention of the Republican Party in Chicago. At that time, the Bull Moose Party led by Theodore Roosevelt and a number of his adherents were determined to block the opening of the Republican Convention, which was then meeting in the Coliseum. Senator Elihu Root was the presiding officer. The so-called Bull Moose Progressives were determined to keep him from calling the convention to order, because they did not want the credentials committee which, of course, was largely in favor of the Taft delegates, to be seated. I happened to be in a group of about twelve young delegates who were instrumental in throwing the dissenters out of the convention hall. I happened to have hold of a man by the name of Harold Ickes who afterwards became Secretary of the Interior in the Franklin Roosevelt administration, but at that time was a leader of the Bull Moose Party.

In the Democratic 1912 convention, Champ Clark went into the primaries and convention with what everybody felt was a sufficient number of delegates to nominate him for the presidency. However, more liberal-minded members of the Democratic Party were determined to stop Champ Clark's nomination and nominate the then governor of New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson. The matter held in the balance for several days, and finally William Jennings Bryan addressed the Democratic Convention in Baltimore with such fervor and vehemence against Champ Clark that it was a foregone conclusion that the delegates were going to stampede, break their allegiance to Champ Clark, and nominate Woodrow Wilson. I well remember being in the speaker's room at the capitol. I was then a secretary on the hill, but I was there because of my close friendship with Bennett Clark (the oldest son of the Speaker who was afterwards associated with me in forming the American Legion in Paris). I well remember Champ Clark leaving for Baltimore. As he opened the drawer of his desk, he put his six-shooter in his hip pocket with obvious ideas that he was going to take vengeance on William Jennings Bryan when he got there. Fortunately, this never came off.

To show you the bitter animosity on the part of the Speaker Champ and his son Bennett towards Bryan, several years later, (to be exact I think it was 1916) when Congress was sitting and young Bennett was a parliamentarian of the House, and of course on duty at the Speaker's desk while the House was in session, I saw him looking with a vicious gleam in his eye to the back of the hall just like a bird dog. I turned around and there was William Jennings Bryan, a former Congressman coming on the floor of the House for a visit.

In Delaware, I went on to be county chairman and state chairman, and eventually was assistant to the Republican National Chairman in the 1916 and 1920 campaigns.

After my father was elected governor, the legislature which decided the various state offices and had just one Republican majority in the Senate and one Republican majority in the House, confirmed me Secretary of State of Delaware, which was a rather odd circumstance, because my father was governor.

The following year (in 1914) my father and mother had gone abroad on the "Crown Princess Cecilia" of the German line for a short visit in England and the continent.

That was the time the British cruisers captured the passenger steamship and kept her in South Hampton Harbor as a prize of war for several months. The Republican state convention was meeting at that time, and I was so active in the Republican Party of Delaware, I was nominated for Congress because the sitting Congressman was a Democrat. Had the sitting Congressman been a Republican, I naturally would not have run because it is always very difficult to defeat an incumbent.

To cut a long story short I was elected by the largest majority given a Republican congressional candidate in Delaware.

It was at the time of prohibition, woman suffrage and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was operating. I remember having my bout with the "drys." And as far as woman suffrage was concerned, on account of my dear mother's attitude I decided to support the suffrage movement. As far as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was concerned, I refused to adhere to their program, number one of which was legalizing the marriage between whites and blacks.

The 64th Congress, which was elected in an off year in November, 1914, in the middle of President Woodrow Wilson's first term, was not called into special session by The President because of the greatly increased number of Republican members gave the Democrats only a slight majority. Therefore it was some thirteen months after the Congress had been elected before it met in regular session in December, 1915. (Since changed by the so-called "Norris" Amendment Number Twenty which requires Congress to convene the January after election.)

There was much activity all over the nation with respect to the war then raging in Europe. The sinking of the Lusitania and Arabic and other merchant ships by German submarines, with loss of American lives, aroused the resentment of the people towards the pacifist attitude of the administration and led to the resignation of Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan and opposition to the then Secretary of War Lindley H. Garrison for the administration's apathy towards preparedness.

While the Congress was not in session, every Member, regardless of political affiliation was continually importuned by the press and constituents to express themselves on the issues of the day. The liveliest domestic question then before the country was the granting of the franchise to women and the attempts of the "drys" to foist the prohibition amendment on the country. At this time, some fifty or more years later, it is difficult to realize the heated debates both these questions aroused. On the subject of women's suffrage I had given much thought and research to the matter.

My dear mother, a public spirited lady who was a leader in anything she put her hand and mind to, had approached me on this subject and without desiring to influence me one way or the other, had made known her

views which were favorable to the suffrage amendment. Another strong advocate was Mrs. Florence Bayard Hills, a descendant of a long line of Delaware statesmen and Miss Mabel Vernon of Delaware.

(A "fifty year ago" column in a recent issue of the Nevada State Journal, November, 1966, carried a reference to Miss Vernon being heckled off the platform in Reno while speaking in favor of suffrage for women.)

Therefore, even though Congress was not in session, the debate on suffrage for women was a live subject and often transcended the international situation.

There were many meetings called during the fall of 1915 in anticipation that the mending resolution would come before the Congress soon to convene in Washington. The campaign pro and con on the subject crossed party lines. Looking over my congressional files of some fifty or more years ago I discovered a number of news accounts of meetings attended during which I ran the gauntlet of bitter criticism from scores of men and women with whom I was closely associated socially or otherwise. The "antis" were in the vast majority as evidenced by the petitions signed by thousands of names. Mrs. Henry B. Thompson, a great social leader in Delaware, and daughter of a famous Civil War officer, Major General James Harrison Wilson, and Miss Emily P. "Cherry" Bissell, the aunt of my future son-in-law-to-be, George P. Bissell Jr. (not then born), were the leaders for the opposition. (Miss Bissell was the originator of the Christmas Seal project now a nation wide project for the children of this country). My records show an attendance at one large meeting held in the ballroom of the Hotel DuPont in Wilmington, Delaware, with a thousand or more there and in November, 1915, just before Congress convened, I announced that regardless of what had been

said and in spite of the thousands of names on the petitions presented I would support the enabling resolution to be presented to Congress granting suffrage to women upon adoption of the amendment by thirty-six states. (This became known as the 19th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.) So I took my seat in Congress with the bitter opposition from the scores of my social and political friends.

On the subject of “prohibition,” known as the 21st Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, It had decided to not support this move thereby winning back a few of the dissidents on the suffrage amendment, but incurring the wrath of the “drys.” Such was the life of one congressman fifty or more years ago.

It just happened that for reason of my being a secretary on the hill, I knew a great number of members of Congress. I found myself the youngest member of the 64th Congress, but nobody discovered it as I had almost as little hair as I have now! I remember one of my great uncles who was a state senator from Indiana came to the gallery and asked the doortender to point out his great nephew on the floor. (The name was Nathan Morgan; he’d been a state senator for forty years in Richmond, Indiana.) And when the doorkeeper pointed me out to him, he said, “Why that’s an old bald-headed gentleman; that can’t be my nephew!”

Coming from Delaware, I was naturally interested in the leading industry of my state, namely the DuPont Powder Company. The war was on and had been on for two years, although the United States was then supposedly neutral. There was great opposition from certain segments of the Midwest in the Democratic Party to curtailing the shipment of munitions of war in American bottoms or American citizens traveling in belligerent

ships. The Lusitania had already been sunk with the loss of life, the Arabic had already been sunk with the loss of life. There was a determined group in Congress who were set on preventing American citizens traveling on ships of belligerent powers and also shipping munitions of war to Europe. The Dupont Powder Company was one of the principle suppliers of munitions to the Allies at that time.

So the very first week in Congress I found myself up against a couple of old timers in debate who were raising Cain about the DuPont Company and accusing them of this, that, and the other.

So I remember I rose to reply to them with such heat that the speaker Champ Clark, who by the way was a friend of mine, even though he was a Democrat, had to send the Sergeant-at-Arms down to separate us.

I remember debating this matter with one of my hecklers, namely Congressman Shackelford of Missouri, who was raising Cain about the munitions of war and the shipment of powder and so forth abroad.

I reminded him that the Missouri mules who hauled the engines of destruction were just as much a munition of war as anything else.

It was particularly apropos because a big shipment of Missouri mules had just been torpedoed off the coast of France and the mules had been lost.

Having taken part in the formation of Military Training Camps Association and having been an enlisted man at the first camp, I was naturally interested in anything pertaining to preparedness. I was one of the original introducers of legislation which established what after became the Reserve Officers Training Corps. Not only did the ROTC train officers for World War I, but also subsequent to World War I and even during

the peace times and after World War II, we established the Training Corps through which many of our officer material from the colleges are now drawn for the armed forces.

While I'm on this subject: ninety-three percent of the battle deaths of officers in World War I were not from the regular establishment but from the R.O.T.C. Corps that was created in 1915 by Congress.

At that time we also had much other legislation.

I remember incurring the ire of Republican constituency by supporting the Adamson Eight-Hour Law which established the first law for the operation of railroads.

Also there was a very tough fight put on by the introduction of a resolution called the McLemore Resolution. McLemore was a Congressman-at-large from Texas and, of course, a Democrat. He introduced the resolution warning all American citizens off belligerent ships or ships of belligerent nations. The German submarines were continually seeking these ships and American lives were being lost.

It caused one terrific fight in Congress.

Those of us who voted for it, and I voted for it, were accused of being pro-German. In other words, it was assisting the Germans to keep Americans off these ships. Well, anyhow, I supported the McLemore Resolution which warned Americans off belligerent ships, and I caught plenty of Cain when I went back to my country club and my club in Delaware. Half of my friends wouldn't speak to me because they thought I had adopted a pro-German attitude which afterwards turned out to be false.

At the time, of course we had a group of liberals led by Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., of Wisconsin.

He with twelve other senators voted against the Declaration of War. Woodrow Wilson branded them as the "Willful Twelve."

In the House of Representatives, Jeanette Rankin, who was the first woman member of Congress, was one of fifty-two who voted against the Declaration of War.

I well remember her breaking down and sobbing bitterly on the floor of the Congress when the Declaration of War was passed on April 7, 1917, by an overwhelming vote.

The Espionage Law passed by Congress could have been invoked against Senator LaFollette and several of the liberal senators who voted with him.

But in 1918, (this is getting ahead of the story a little bit) the Republicans had captured the House and Senate in the mid-term election in the second Woodrow Wilson term. They only controlled the Senate by a couple of votes. Senator Boies Penrose, who was the Republican leader, needed enough votes to organize the Senate and make him chairman of the very powerful Senate Finance Committee which dictated policy. So he made a deal with Senator Robert M. LaFollette not to be indicted and prosecuted under the Espionage Act, in return for which LaFollette supported Penrose and his crew in organizing the Senate.

I was on duty in the Army occupation at this time with my outfit in the 79th Division and having been acquainted with so many people in Congress, I was asked by cable as to whether I would stand for election as secretary of the Republican U.S. Senate in Washington, but I declined. I still thought we had a job to do in Europe and I didn't realize that we were going to be brought home so soon.

There were several other incidents during the session of the 64th Congress in 1915 to 1917 that might bear mention. In May of 1916, the Naval Appropriations Bill was before the House of Representatives, and, being an ardent preparedness member, I was very much interested in the proceedings and

took part in the debates. It just happened that the Battle of Jutland was fought in the North Sea the very week the Navy appropriations bill was under debate and consideration in the House of Representatives. You may recall that history shows that the high seas battleship fleet under Admiral Jellicoe was a little bit late getting into the fray and the battle cruisers under Lord Beatty (he married into a rich American family) were on the job and were given more or less the prime credit for annihilating and causing the German fleet to take refuge to their base behind Heligoland, from which they never again ventured to be a defensive force in World War I.

As a result of the lessons shown by the Battle of Jutland, a very strong sentiment developed among the members of the House of Representatives, regardless of party, to not build any more battle ships, but to change the appropriation to battle cruisers. This was eventually successful.

I well remember Congressman Thomas Smedley Butler of the Westchester, Pennsylvania, district, an ardent Quaker and Chairman of the House of Naval Affairs Committee, lamenting the fact that his Republican colleagues and committee members had gone back on him and erased battleships from the bill and legislated battle cruisers. Out of this legislation came the aircraft carriers the Saratoga and Lexington which were on the ways then in the New York ship building yard, along the Delaware River in Camden, New Jersey. They were changed over to battle cruisers, but because of the slowness of their construction, they were not ready to leave the ways until after World War I was concluded in 1918, two years later. So they were eventually constructed as the first airplane carriers of the United States fleet, and survived to fight the Battle of Midway in World War II. They were eventually either lost or disabled during the battles in the Pacific of World War II.

Another incident comes to mind, having to do with Naval affairs. The United States Marine Corps had held examinations for commission as second lieutenant. It just happened that that very month, shortly after the Naval appropriations bill was disposed of, Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels of South Carolina had sent the nominations of some twenty-five or thirty young second lieutenants to be commissioned in the Marine Corps. All of them had come from Virginia and South Carolina. This caused Congressman Augustus Peabody Gardner of Massachusetts, the son-in-law of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, who was a great south biter, to rise on the floor of the House of Representatives and kid the Democrats about having all the nominees for second lieutenant in the Marine Corps come from two southern states, where he said, "We well know the educational facilities are not such as to guarantee them being properly educated for officers in the Marine Corps."

But it just happened that I had come from Charleston, South Carolina, where I delivered the graduation address at the famous Citadel. The Citadel is a military college which turns out graduates commensurate with our three service academies and with the Virginia Military Institute in Virginia. It just happened that a number of the young men that I had been addressing at that graduation ceremony were among those nominated by Secretary Daniels for commission as second lieutenants in the Marine Corps.

I arose on the floor and asked for permission to reply to the Republican colleagues from Massachusetts.

Whereupon Claude Kitchen of North Carolina, who was the Democratic Majority Leader on the floor of the House, asked me if I was another Yankee arising to malign the South.

I assured him in no uncertain terms that I was going to take after my Republican colleague of Massachusetts by reason of my having just returned from the Citadel. I knew full well the qualifications of a number of young men nominated for commissions in the Marine Corps!

A recent "fifty year ago" column in the Nevada State Journal July 25 and 26, 1966, brought back nostalgic memories of the summer of 1916 when Congress was sitting and the naval Bill was on the calendar. To quote:

Germany's giant merchant submarine Deutschland is still docked at Baltimore and ready to leave at a moment's notice for a return trip dash through the cordon of Allied warships in the Atlantic.

How well this brings back those days in the summer of 1916 when Congress was in session throughout the year. The National Guard was on the Mexican Border and Villa, the Mexican bandit leader, was thumbing his nose at us.

And then in the same column the next day, July 26th, quoting:

The U. S. Senate voted 71-8 for the Naval Bill. It passed funds for a three-year program to build four dreadnaughts, four battle cruisers and 58 other crafts.

As a member of Congress during those days it was my privilege to be a member of the Congressional Committee sent to Baltimore to find out what we could about the why and the wherefore of the Deutschland.

The American people were alarmed due to continual sinking of American passenger and

merchant ships by German submarines and they were not pleased to have this submarine, merchant ship that it was, receiving the hospitality of one of our ports.

Captain Koenig was courteous but divulged nothing. In the House of Representatives debate was going on about the Naval Appropriation Bill and Congress hastily added the provision to build four battle cruisers following the Battle of Jutland, a few weeks earlier, when Admiral Beatty's battle cruisers were the deciding factor in that history-making engagement in England's favor.

WARTIME ACTIVITIES AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

In 1914 and 1915, it was rather evident that the United States would eventually be dragged into the war in Europe. It was then at its crescendo. A number of us conceived of the idea of forming a Military Training Camps Association in order to prove to the War Department that officer material could be trained at military training camps to man the armed forces, which would be greatly increased if we entered the war. Therefore, in 1915, when I happened to be a young member of Congress, Major General Leonard E. Wood, then in command of a department in the east, provided for the opportunity. About six hundred young businessmen from all over the country were to go to Plattsburg barracks in New York on Lake Champlain, and undergo a course of training of from three to five months in order to prove that officer material could be recruited in that manner.

We formed what was called the Military Training Camps Association, which was a forerunner of the officers' candidate schools. The camps were opened shortly after the United States entered World War I in April, 1917.

At that time, I applied for admittance to the Fort Myer Officer Candidate School, and much to my surprise I was rejected. I discovered that I had a hernia. So I enlisted as a private in the Infantry and was sent to a military hospital to be operated on and cured. In due course, I obtained my commission as a lieutenant in the 114th Infantry of the 29th division, then training at Camp McClellan in Alabama. This division was known as the "Blue and Gray Division," and consisted of National Guard troops from New Jersey, Delaware, District of Columbia, Virginia, and Maryland.

In due course, I was transferred from this division to duty in Washington D. C. in connection with the arming of our division with the Browning machine gun.

Now comes the commencement of my association with another of Nevada's governors, the Honorable James C. Scrugham. In the early winter of 1917 and 1918, I was on duty with my regiment the 114th Infantry of the 79th Division at Anderson, Alabama, Camp McClellan. I was a First Lieutenant,

about to be promoted to Captain. I was ordered into Washington for temporary duty in the Bureau of Ordnance in connection with the initial use of the Browning heavy and light machine guns, which were manufactured at that time at the Remington Arms works in New Haven. Our division being a combat division, it was intended that we should be the first ones equipped with these new weapons. In the course of my few months of duty there, I met Lieutenant Colonel James C. Scrugham of Nevada and through him, U. S. Senator Charles B. Henderson.

The circumstances of my meeting with the then-Colonel Scrugham were rather amusing. Having been a line officer, I was given the extra assignment of drilling about a thousand Quarter Master and other officers who held desk jobs in the various departments in Washington, ranging from first lieutenants to full colonels. Among them was Colonel Scrugham. I remember one day when I was drilling them in military courtesy and discipline, which was necessary. Oftentimes, the sentries who were patrolling the White House on Pennsylvania Avenue would come to “present arms,” and some of these desk officers—generals, colonels, and so forth—didn’t have enough military training to return the salute.

As a result, the poor sentries were standing at attention a good part of the time! Anyhow, on this particular day, I remember noting a gentleman who was a full colonel and vice president of the DuPont Company in Wilmington, Delaware—a man who was much older than me and who out-weighted me. I called his squad to order, and then I had noted that his squad had not come to order because Colonel Spruance was holding a cigarette in his right hand. Afterwards, both Colonel Spruance and Colonel Scrugham accosted me and wanted to know why

that was regulated by the infantry drill regulations. My reply was that you can’t be at attention holding a rifle in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

When I completed my work in connection with the Browning machine guns, I was assigned to the 79th Division then in training at Camp Mead, Maryland, a short distance out of Washington. This was one of the show divisions of the country and was continually called upon to put on divisional reviews in Baltimore and Washington and also at Camp Mead for the dignitaries of various Ally countries in Europe that were coming to Washington to make plans for the war.

However, late in June in 1918, our divisions were ordered abroad. I well remember that portion of the division that I was serving with was on the Leviathan. We had twelve thousand five hundred troops aboard with a crew of two thousand, and the ship was so fast that it could not be convoyed. It ran on its own without any convoy. So the German U-boats were continually on the look-out for us; we eluded a couple of them in the mid-Atlantic, and arrived at Brest early in July 1918. We were debarked and our command was sent to the Prauthoy area near the Vosges Mountains in France for final training.

I’ve already referred to the division being equipped with the light and heavy Brownings, two hundred and eighty-four Brownings and seven hundred and eighty-four light Brownings. My general had told me before leaving the states, “Miller, if you don’t arrive at the front with those guns, you might as well go home.” Much to my surprise a Second Lieutenant of the Quarter Master Corps accosted me while unloading at Brest and ordered me to leave guns aboard as they were to be taken to a warehouse in Brest. This didn’t suit at all. We were being loaded on French box cars—forty hommes and eight

cheveaux—to be shipped up to the front. At that time, things looked rather bad, and they wanted to get our division into the line as soon as possible.

So every squad that went over the side of the Leviathan on the ladders carried their light and heavy Brownings with them.

Needless to say, my general was satisfied when we arrived there with them.

Our outfit underwent intensive training in front of the western front, and fortunately for us we did not have to get into the lines until several months later.

We went into the lines in the Tryon sector along the Meuse River in July of 1918. Fortunately for green troops, our operations were more or less static. However, we were brought up in reserve at the San Mihiel operation September 12, 1918, and from there moved into the Meuse-Argonne north of Verdun in the middle of September of 1918. We were aware of the fact that a big operation was in the making because hundreds of thousands of other American troops were being moved to that sector.

I'll never forget an advanced party of my regiment was sent to the sector we were supposed to take over, a sector of trenches. As I came back down the duck walk, I noticed a Negro soldier in a French uniform and with a French rifle. I addressed him in French asking him where his headquarters major was, and he replied, "Right down there, sir. Major, I'm out of the 15th New York regiment."

It just happened that there were Negro regiments from Ohio, Illinois, and New York that were brigaded with two French divisions. They got along very well with them, because the French had Senegalese troops in there from Africa, and it was thought better to have these four Negro infantry regiments to get their baptism of fire under French leadership and French association rather than all one

Negro division. They acquitted themselves very creditably, I might say.

After about ten days of intense counter-battery bombardment, we were ordered to take part in the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne offensive which commenced on September 26, 1918. We were given the job of capturing Montfancon which at that time was Crown Prince Willie's headquarters. It was a tough job because there were three Prussian guard divisions opposite of us. To cut a long story short, after ten days of very heavy fighting, in which we lost very, very heavily and in which you saw many of your close friends pay the penalty, we were withdrawn from the lines and relieved by the 3rd U.S. regular Army division. We were then taken into another sector and replenished for our casualties which was many, many thousands.

About the middle of October, we were sent back into the lines again only this time north of Verdun along the Meuse River. We were in the line, continually driving the Germans back, until Armistice Day (I don't call it Veterans Day because it was Armistice Day to us who were there) ended up with the army of occupation facing east into Germany.

After the Armistice on November 11, 1918, we became one of the divisions assigned to the 2nd Army of Occupation on the outskirts of Germany and in Luxemburg. We also had some of our units deployed along the Meuse River near Verdun.

General John J. Pershing, the Commander of the American Expeditionary Force issued a plaque and citation to me reading, "for exceptional meritorious service with the 79th Division of the American Expeditionary Force in France." Major General Joseph Kuhn, commanding General of the 79th Division, awarded me a divisional citation which rates a silver star "for gallantry in action under enemy fire." I was also awarded the order of

the Purple Heart by the War Department, and cited for the French Croix deGuerre which was awarded to Americans by then General Pétain, the idol of the French people in World War I, but not so in World War II.

We had a problem after the Armistice in that the morale of the American troops, even though they had a splendid fighting record, was getting pretty low. Thousands of them wanted to get home to their mothers, wives, or sweethearts, and others were always getting into trouble, either through the ladies of easy virtue which always infested camps, or they didn't know how to hold their vin rouge. So to cut a long story short, all leaves of American divisions in the Army of Occupation were canceled until the venereal rate went down below ten percent. That happened, fortunately, around Easter time in 1919.

We were very hard-pressed to find diversions and entertainment at that time. We were, of course, at the mercy of the Peace conference then going on in Paris. No one knew whether we were going to be ordered to go into Berlin or go home. So finally in June 1919, when we were ordered back to the port of embarkation at Nantes, France, we were very happy to be able to bring our men home.

My particular regiment was sent to Camp Dix in northern New Jersey for demobilization. We were supposed to have a parade down the streets of Philadelphia and Baltimore from which the regiment had been recruited, but the men were so anxious to get home that we spared them that additional duty. Following my demobilization from the 79th Division at Camp Dix, I was assigned to the War Plans Division of the general staff in Washington under General Bunker Haan, in order to work on legislation having to do with the logistics of the last war. I presume that I was asked to participate in preparing this legislation because of my

previous Congressional experience. I was commissioned a reserve Lieutenant Colonel of the 315th Infantry of the 79th Division with headquarters in Philadelphia. I served in that capacity until 1928. I was also a colonel on the staff of Governor Robert P. Robinson of the state of Delaware from January 1921 until 1925. This ends any reference to my military service.

Now to go back to the organization of The American Legion, which occurred in Paris. I explained that the morale of the American forces was pretty low and there was a number of us called into Paris to discuss this situation. Out of that discussion came eventually The American Legion. I remember my general summoning me and telling me that I was to take ten enlisted men and nine officers and myself to attend this conference in Washington. I told him it looked as if they were going to try to form a veteran's organization that I didn't want to have anything to do with. I said that I had plenty to do with the G. A. R. and the Confederate War Veterans and I wanted to take my time about any veteran's organization of World War I. But he said, "You're ordered to report," so I did.

I had known previously in Congress Bennett Clark, the son of the speaker of the House of Representatives, Champ Clark. He was the Parliamentarian of the House of Representatives and a very warm friend of mine personally. He likewise was an officer in one of the divisions of the Army of Occupation. We met in Paris on the night of the fourteenth of March. He told me, "You know this Fifth Avenue crowd from New York is going to try to take over formation of this veteran's organization." He said, "You and I are the only ones who know the rules of the House of Representatives. When I call the meeting to order, I will recognize you

and you move that the rules of the House of Representatives be the rules of the body. Under that, when I'm relieved (as I'm going to be relieved after I've served my first day, because they want a Democrat—Champ Clark's son—there), I'll appoint you as chairman." So to cut a long story short, that's what happened. I found myself presiding over the final session of The American Legion, as chairman pro-tempore, March 17, 1919. After appointing my committees, I went back to my regiment and outfit thinking we were going to do the job in Berlin, which we were never permitted to do.

As far as The American Legion was concerned, I didn't have a thing to do with it for almost a year until I came to this country. When I came into New York with my troop ship, the pilot climbed the ladder, had a telegram for me that said, "We need your assistance in launching The American Legion," signed Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

After I left for France and duty in the A.E.F. in June 1918 with the 79th division, I did not cross paths with Colonel Scrugham until late in 1919, when both of us were instrumental in promoting the legislative program of The American Legion before Congress in Washington D. C.

I was serving gratuitously as chairman of their National Legislative Committee. Scrugham was a member of my Legislative Liaison Committee. By reason of his experience in state and legislative matters, his presence was valuable to us.

At that time, he was serving as State Engineer in Nevada.

The following year, in 1920, at the second annual convention of The American Legion in Cleveland, Ohio. It was my privilege to nominate him as one of the five National Vice-Commanders of The American Legion; he was duly elected.

The decade between 1919 when we were demobilized during World War I and 1929 were busy years, filled with various experiences with the highest levels to the lowest.

However, the then embryonic American Legion, with headquarters on west 44th Street in New York City, was calling on me to assist them in getting their show on the road. So later in the fall of 1919, I was asked by my friend Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., then one of the leading and active members of The American Legion, to separate myself from active service in Washington to be chairman of the national legislative field.

One of my earlier associates on the Legion Legislative Committee was former United States Senator Luke Lee of Tennessee, himself a distinguished war veteran.

It was he who had hatched up a plan while in France to kidnap the Kaiser, then in Holland as a refugee, and bring him to trial before the Allies. We were both asked to assist in the legislative program due to our previous service in Congress which made us familiar with all of the procedures, to say nothing of the scores of senators and congressmen we knew on both sides of the capitol and in both parties.

The Republicans had gained control of both houses of Congress in the 1918 elections. So rather reluctantly, I accepted termination of my active Army service and was furloughed to the reserves, being assigned as second in command as Lieutenant Colonel of the 315th Infantry with headquarters in Philadelphia, with the remaining units of the 79th Infantry division reserves. The first job in Washington was to obtain a charter from Congress for The American Legion. It even then was fast becoming the largest veterans' organization and the first to be granted a charter by the American Congress.

The measure was introduced in the United States Senate by my own Delaware United States Senator, Josiah Wolcott, and in the House my former congressional running mate, Royal C. Johnson of South Dakota.

I want to digress a moment to give the history of Royal C. Johnson. We were both young congressmen together before the war. Royal Johnson coming from the mid-west isolationist district in South Dakota was opposed to war, and one of the fifty-two who voted against the declaration of war in Congress on April 7, 1917. In the meantime, I was in the service. And when my friend Congressman Johnson came down to see me at training camp, he stated that he could not continue active service in Congress and vote money and munitions of war for other womens' sons to go off and expose themselves. He therefore was enrolling in the officers' candidate school in Camp Mills, Virginia. He was graduated the following summer. Without going into too many details, when Congressman Johnson was graduated and commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry, I was instrumental in having him assigned to one of my units in the 79th Division.

During the great Meuse-Argonne offensive in the fall of 1918, I came across my friend Johnson lying grievously wounded, about to be evacuated to a field hospital.

I remember telling the medical orderly to let me know what hospital he was being sent to because I figured it was a terminal case. Fortunately, he recovered and came back to have a splendid career in Congress. I will not go into that detail now.

As was to be expected, the charter bill passed and was signed by President Woodrow Wilson.

He was then campaigning for the adherence of the United States of the League

of Nations. My friend Jim Scrugham of Nevada was one of the incorporators named in the bill, there being an incorporator from each state of the Union.

Our next legislative objective (speaking now of The American Legion program in Washington) was to prepare and have introduced in Congress various measures having for their purpose making good the government's debt of honor towards those who had returned disabled and wounded in mind, body and soul, as well as the widows and orphans of those who had made the supreme sacrifice.

The largest segment of the population, who had not served in combat forces, were frankly jealous of those who had returned, particularly from overseas.

And after the shouting and parades were over, most Americans were anxious to forget the war. By that idea, the men and women who had borne the fighting and sacrifices were in many cases looked down upon. There had been enormous fortunes made by millions of "stay-at-homes," and this element of population had no time for any veterans.

However, the members of Congress were keenly aware of the situation. We were called upon to appear before committees of both the House and Senate to state our views on pending legislation having to do with the betterment of the war veterans, and before military committees of both the House and Senate to recommend our ideas of how the services could profit from the war experiences and to plan for the future.

At this time the four cardinal principles of The American Legion were put into effect: rehabilitation of the sick and disabled, Americanism, national defense, and child welfare.

They have remained the four cardinal principles of The American Legion to this day.

With war veterans actually selling pencils and apples on the street in many of our communities to earn a living, there was a demand for some concrete cash to be handed out.

From this attitude came the demand for a bonus to be paid veterans based on their term and length of service in this country and overseas. There were bitter debates and battles in the first few national conventions of The American Legion in the early 1920's over this proposition. Those of us who opposed such a bonus, and I was one of them, were accused of being in cahoots with Wall Street and other anti-veterans' organizations. But we held our ground and the bonus bill, sugar-coated to be called the "adjusted compensation" measure, was held off for a few years.

This was rather an embarrassing experience for me.

I was chairman of the National Legislative Committee, even though I was serving without any compensation (although my assistants and clerical force did have some). I came from Delaware, the home of E. I. DuPont de Nemours Powder Company, one of the chief munition makers that supplied munitions of war to the Allies and the United States. Also my own wife's family connections were with one of the officials of the DuPont Powder Company. So I was continually put under suspicion as being opposed to the so-called "adjusted compensation" bill for local consumption.

But I had had experiences before the war with the matter of pensions paid to our G.A.R. and other war veterans.

I did not want to be placed in the position of having the veterans of World War I being branded as "treasury raiders."

As it was, literally thousands of members of The American Legion were opposed to this, which is why the matter did not come

to a head until late in the Harding-Coolidge administration.

I will not go into further details at this time of the many, many, legislative bills and measures that it was my duty to prepare and have introduced in Congress to carry out the Legion's legislative mandates from the national conventions. The veterans of World War I honestly thought that they had fought a war to end all wars, and could not conceive that any such catastrophe as another world war could ever occur again.

There, there was considerable support for the adherence of the United States to the hotly-debated League of Nations among veterans, regardless of their individual politics.

In 1923, Jim Scrugham was just finishing his first year as Governor of Nevada, and was very prominent in The American Legion. He was one of our right-hand operators, if you know what I mean. At the national convention of The American Legion, held in San Francisco in October that year, there was a very active campaign on, and a number of candidates running. Because of his outstanding American Legion record as Vice-Commander and member of the legislative commission, a number of the so-called leaders of the Legion conceived the idea of approaching Governor Scrugham, suggesting that he resign as Governor of Nevada and take over the Commandership of The American Legion. Naturally, I was one of those opposed to this, and in the end the matter was dropped.

As long as I am discussing the 1923 national convention of The American Legion, it might be well to bring in a story as to the battle over the Ku Klux Klan which developed at that time. At that time the Klan was riding high over the country. It was pretty powerful, and edging its way into the control of many organizations who did not welcome the

Klansmen. There was a very concerted effort in The American Legion in the Committee on Resolutions of (of which I happened to be chairman) to openly criticize the Ku Klux Klan by name. I was representative of a group that believed in fighting the Ku Klux Klan. But we did not want to advertise them by naming them, but rather, to condemn their principles and policies.

This led to a big fight in the Committee on Resolutions which was carried to the floor of the convention. During the debate, a substantial vote supported the principle that the Klan should not be named but its principles should be condemned. A number of my Catholic friends in The American Legion were bitterly opposed to this action. But at the close of the convention, a young priest approached me and asked me if I would be the guest of Archbishop Hanna of the California Catholic diocese that night at his home in San Francisco on Jackson Street. I was very pleased to be his guest and hear him inform me at that time that he thoroughly approved of the principles that we had adopted in fighting the Klan. And he did not approve of some of his Catholic parishioners fighting it.

One of the leaders in this fight among the delegates was a prominent lay Catholic, Charles H. Kendricks of San Francisco, who had been a national Vice-Commander of The American Legion, and who today (in 1965) is still living in San Francisco where he is in the lock business, and a prominent member of society. Charlie Kendricks was so incensed at the action taken by the convention. I understand that he has not been active in The American Legion from that day to this. I might add, however, that Archbishop Hanna made no bones about informing me that he did not approve of his friend Kendricks' action at that time.

During the years that followed, I found the opportunity to continue my activity in The American Legion. I was the National Executive Committeeman from the Department of Delaware, and served on the governing board of the Legion for the following ten years. Although I served the Legion gratuitously, I still continued my interest in the forty-five years since.

ASSOCIATIONS IN NEVADA 1901-1920

In the fall of 1901, a group headed by Tasker L. Oddie came to Philadelphia and to my parents' home in Wilmington, Delaware. This was the start of a life-long friendship of over fifty years with Oddie and his entire family.

Oddie originally came to Nevada in about 1900 having been sent out by the Phelps estate in New York to find out what was wrong with their investments in Austin, Berlin,

and in the general mining district around there.

When young Oddie found out that the real culprit in the wood pile was a member of the Phelps family who was there, they fired Oddie and left him no other recourse than to scramble pretty hard to make a living, which he did by reason of his law experience. He was made District Attorney of Nye County which gave him something to exist upon. It was while serving as District Attorney of Nye County that he and Jim Butler got together in the discovery of Tonopah.

I might add that the famous Stokes Castle now standing as a reminder of earlier days was

erected by a member of the Stokes family, but was put to little use by him.

It is now standing as a monument to the ancient days of Austin and the Phelps family interests in Nevada.

When Oddie came to our home in Wilmington, he invited me to come to Nevada and stay at his ranch, Pine Creek, in Monitor Valley twenty miles north of Belmont in Nye County, so I accompanied my father's group. I well remember when our train came through Winnemucca, a short smiling bald-headed gentleman came down to greet the so-called "Philadelphia group" that was coming out to interest themselves in Tonopah. It was none other than George Nixon, then head of the bank in Winnemucca. He was at that time considered just one of the smaller people in the community, and very few people realized that in a short space of five years he was to be Nevada's junior Senator in Washington. George Nixon at that time gave no promise of developing into what he afterwards became; one of the richest men in Nevada, as well as occupying a seat in the United States Senate

from 1907 until he died in 1912. He was, of course, very glad to see this eastern group coming into the state and was anything but the pompous Senator that he was in Washington.

So, accompanied by my father and his group, I arrived at the station in Reno in early June of 1902. One of my most lasting memories is the old V & T woodburner locomotive #112 which was to haul our train to Carson City. There, I saw the first Indians I had ever been acquainted with and I had my picture taken with them. This V & T station in Carson City is the building that is now the Masonic Lodge headquarters of Carson City.

Returning to the trip over the narrow gauge, we started from Carson City in that early day in June in 1902. I well remember being exposed for the first time to what was truly a desert country. The railroad passed through the Carson River Canyon, skirted Wabuska where the big Thompson Smelter was built later on, and went through Schurz which was another Indian colony. Indians came down to the train and were waiting to take any presents of cash or anything you wanted to give them; and again we had our pictures taken with the Indians there. I well remember traversing the east side of Walker Lake and seeing the bands of wild horses which were along the east slope of the Win Wan range of mountains to the east of Walker Lake.

We stopped at a narrow gauge station called Thorn, and were taken seven miles up to the county seat of what was then Esmeralda County. Mineral County had not as yet been siphoned off from Esmeralda County because Goldfield wasn't even in existence at that time. I well remember the party being received by the sheriff and officials of Esmeralda County and we enjoyed a noon day repast there. That old court house is still standing and whenever

I go through Hawthorne and have time, I always go there to revive the memories of many years ago.

We continued on by narrow gauge to the thriving community of Sodaville, which then had about two thousand people. We left there on a six-horse stage coach driven by Billy O'Keefe. He was one of the most colorful characters that I had ever been exposed to. I was riding shotgun with him on the front seat, so I got to know him very, very well. Unfortunately, I did not have the opportunity to see him as often in later life as I should have, because I did not discover that he was living retired in the townsite of Beatty (which was not in existence in 1902) until I returned to Nevada in the early '30's. On that stage ride from Sodaville to Tonopah, sitting and riding shotgun with Billy O' Keefe, we escaped the dust, but these eleven elderly gentlemen inside the stagecoach suffered intensely from the desert dust which rolled continually from the wagon tracks. There was no wind blowing, and, of course, no way of wafting the dust away. When they arrived in Tonopah, they all looked like gray ghosts. Billy passed away a few years ago at Beatty.

There were in our party thirteen in all. Eleven of them were Philadelphia and Delaware people; citizens destined to direct the Tonopah Mining Company of Nevada and the Tonopah-Belmont Mining Company of Nevada, two of the most productive mines in the Tonopah district.

In the group was a gentleman named Mr. Preston Lea, then Governor of Delaware from Wilmington, Delaware. At that time, I remember, Mt. Pelee was belching forth destruction in the West Indies, so every time they wanted to kid Governor Lea they called him "Mount Pelee." We also had in our party U. S. Circuit Judge Victor B. Woolley of the Third Circuit Court in Philadelphia, John

W. Brock of the prominent Philadelphia family after whom Mt. Brook near Tonopah was named, J. Harvey Whiteman and other prominent Philadelphia and Delaware industrialists.

We went from Sodaville by way of the San Antone Desert and Cloverdale, which is an entirely different route than the present highway. There were several changes of horses before we reached Tonopah, which was then mostly a tent camp and very few permanent buildings.

One of my first experiences in Tonopah was to get on a horse which promptly ran me through the streets of Tonopah and bucked me off in front of a house called the La Chiquita house, which was where some of the "girls" of the neighborhood lived. I was picked up by a man who advised me to saddle my own horse thereafter saying, "Bub, you are young Miller, aren't you?" My rescuer was the honorable George Wingfield, soon to become, with George Nixon, one of the developers of the camp of Goldfield which was not then in being. He became one of Nevada's most leading citizens, served on the University of Nevada Board of Regents and could have gone to the United States Senate, but he refused the appointment. When he died he was one of our most respected citizens of Nevada and one of my closest friends.

Shortly after our arrival in Tonopah, and before I was taken to the Oddie Ranch in Monitor Valley, I had the privilege of meeting Oddie's splendid family. His mother, Ellen, was a second grandmother to me. She was a fine little woman and had a sense of humor which few people have. His three daughters, Grace, Sarah, and Anna were there.

Anna became engaged to Frederick J. Siebert, who at that time was the engineer assisting Oddie in the floating of the Tonopah Mining Company organization.

His brother, Clarence Meggs Oddie, who was destined to become one of my most intimate friends until his death at Lake Tahoe in 1962, was there also.

His friend, John Trumbull Overbury, of which there will be more later, had come with him from New York to try their luck in the far West. In New York they were chemical company salesmen, so that was not exactly to their experience in trying to become buckaroos in Nevada.

One of my first experiences in Tonopah was with the old fashioned slot machines, which you turned with a crank like cranking a car. My father had given me strict instructions to stay away from slot machines, the bar, and to use no bad language. Unfortunately, I broke the first the night I was in Tonopah and had beginner's luck.

I got the jackpot which I promptly deposited with my friend Tasker Oddie for safe keeping.

Later on in June, arrangements were made for our first trip by wagon to the Monitor Valley Ranch of Mr. Oddie's, hauling baggage and furniture which was necessary to furnish the Oddie ranch house for his family and guests in Monitor Valley. I well remember that John Overbury, Clarence Oddie, and I were given the job of driving three four-horse-mule teams from Tonopah to the ranch.

Never having had any experience with mules, all of us were a little bit chary when it came to harnessing and unharnessing them up in the morning, because we knew what their heels could do to us if we got in their way.

The first day out, we were fortunate to make it to a point beyond Rye Patch, which was afterwards where the water system of Tonopah was developed. We got about as far as where the present road 8-A turns off to go to Belmont and then on north to Smokey Valley. We were also impressed with the

great numbers of bands of wild horses that we saw in the area. It did not seem to bother them at all when we approached where they were grazing, although the stallion herded the mares and colts and drove them into safe territory when he thought we were getting too close.

This is quite an experience to remember, because we arrived in the old town of Belmont under a full desert moon. We had no idea what the town was like or what we were to find there. The town was deserted, of course, at that time of the night. But we had been given the key to Cal Brougner's old stone house at the head of the main street. Cal Brougner was one of the men who was interested in the Tonopah Company with Oddie and Jim Butler. We had camped out on the desert the first day out and we were all greatly intrigued with the coyotes who were certainly in the vicinity and sending up their unholy messages. We tethered the mules after feeding and watering them.

It was a very cool night when we arrived in Belmont in June, so we wrapped up in some old buffalo robes in Cal Brougner's house, sleeping on the floor. But before long we were routed out by something we had never experienced before: a very healthy crop of bed bugs! This was our first experience with the animals. We eventually arrived on the third day at the Pine Creek Ranch about twenty-five miles out of Belmont and in Monitor Valley, which by the way is the highest valley in Nevada which has any agriculture or cultivation. It is over seven thousand feet in elevation. We unloaded the wagons, and returned to Tonopah to bring back the members of the Oddie family in some passenger rigs.

On Oddie's ranch, there were John Humphrey, the foreman, and Dan Frandsen, well-known in that area, and his wife Maggie,

who was one of the Daniels family of Austin. They were the ones that Oddie had employed to help him operate the ranch and attend the cattle which came in there later.

I will never forget a young Indian buck named Tim Hooper and his wife Jennie. Their papoose Albert was on one of these travois which were carried behind the horses, the two poles supporting the papoose. Believe it or not, until this year, Tim and Jennie were still living in Tonopah, in their nineties. Albert is married and living at Stone House in Monitor Valley, just a few miles from where we met him as a papoose in 1902. He visited with me in Tonopah during the Legion convention there in July, 1966. Whenever I went through Tonopah and had the opportunity, I called on Tim and his wife Jennie. I regret to state both Tim and Jennie passed away during the summer of 1966.

Tasker Oddie introduced the first Hereford cattle into central Nevada. The then Governor of Nevada, John Sparks, had a registered herd on the old Sparks ranch just south of Reno. (The Sparks ranch was recently owned by Bill Moffat and sold to one of the gambling fraternity, Mr. Lincoln Fitzgerald, who I understand now lives there.) There were four hundred head of Hereford heifers, twelve bulls, and two Jersey milk cows, which were loaded on the cattle cars of the Southern Pacific Railroad across the field from Sparks ranch. They were hauled to Battle Mountain where they were transferred to the narrow gauge road and hauled into Austin where they were unloaded. We were among the group that was selected to follow the cattle over the summit through Smokey Valley and deliver them to the Pine Creek Ranch in Monitor Valley in a ten days or two weeks trek. The bulls were so heavy that they could not be driven with any degree of speed nor keep up with the herd, so some wagons and horses

were requisitioned, and the bulls enjoyed a wagon trip to their destination. Bert Acree, who was a young man at that time and one of my closest and oldest friends in Nevada, never fails to try and kid me about the time. The cattle people and ranchers in that section of Nevada had never seen bulls hauled before. I had a letter from him just a few days ago still reminding me of the occurrence and joshing me about it.

I told of my first and original experience and impression of Belmont. Even though Tonopah was gaining in population, there was a movement to which there was opposition for removing the court house from Belmont to Tonopah. Eventually the legislature passed the law authorizing it. The joke of it is that when they came to draw the lines they found that the site of Tonopah was in Esmeralda County, so they had to have another law passed deeding a few sections of Esmeralda County over to Nye County so Nye County could have its county seat legitimately.

But to go back to old Belmont which was on its last legs at that time. The last trial held in the old court house was the Longstreet-Clifford shooting scrape. It seems that Longstreet had shot Clifford down in the Reveille-Silver Bow country over a matter of a cattle brand on some stock there, and the trial was being held at the old court house at Belmont. Key Pittman, who had recently arrived from Alaska, was Longstreet's attorney. I do not remember who was Clifford's attorney, but I do remember Mr. Clifford being carried into the court house as a witness and his wound was so festering that the odor was apparent to everyone in the court house. As to whether his leg was amputated or he suffered from gangrene later on, I don't know. Key Pittman's client was acquitted. It was rumored that had he not been acquitted, there was a string of horses

on the street for him to make an exit and get out of the country if he could do so; but that's merely a rumor.

I well remember Frank Brotherton, the post master at Belmont in those days. Some years later, I was to meet his daughter living at a ranch near Austin, and I identified her when she accused me of being a newcomer to Nevada.

When she heard that I had been in Belmont in 1902 she said,

"I was born there."

I said, "Yes, and you're Frank Brotherton's daughter, because no one had more bright brown eyes than your father.

And you have those same eyes."

There were two boarding housekeepers in Belmont, Mrs. McGinnis and Mrs. Hughes. Mrs. Hughes had several sons there who, of course, always tried to drum up the trade for few scant visitors who were coming to Belmont to use Mrs. Hughes. But as long as there was great rivalry and jealousies, whenever we came into Belmont (which was seldom because our supplies were brought in from Tonopah), we divided our patronage between the two ladies. Both of their houses were clean; they had plenty of room and a number of bedrooms if you wanted to stay overnight. They were both excellent cooks and seemed to have no trouble in serving good meals.

Occasionally, there being no game laws enforced at that time, I knew we were eating venison or mountain sheep some of the time, when we were having it served to us for beef.

Several times both ladies were caught peeking in the windows, especially in the evenings, to see who their guests were, so as to determine whether some of their guests were not giving the patronage they thought they ought to.

And I'll never forget one time; Mrs. McGinnis threw the contents of a

“thundermug” out the window into Mrs. Hughes’ face!

After the Hereford cattle were delivered at the Fine Creek Ranch, they were distributed in the various separate pastures. That was so that the various bulls could serve the ones they were expected to serve, and a record could be kept in the Hereford book as to who had sired the calves that were coming in the crop later on in the year.

Our nearest neighbors were the Potts family, some miles up the valley beyond what was known as the Devil’s Punchbowl. This is a boiling caldron of water which we used to visit on picnics. We would lower our ham into the water so it could be parboiled without starting a fire. Pine Creek, which arose on Mt. Jefferson in the range in back of the ranch (the mountain was several thousand feet elevation) was a splendid fishing stream. The canyon from which it emerged was replete with all sorts of game, deer, game birds. There were also quite a few coyotes and several families of mountain lions, as we discovered later on when we found the fawns that had been killed, but they never bothered the cattle down in the fields. Even bands of wild horses were up on Mt. Jefferson. How they got there without going through some of our fields was hard to understand, although we did not have the canyon fenced at that time.

Across Monitor Valley was a range of mountains called Table Mountain, which was also a splendid hunting reserve for all sorts of deer, game birds, coyotes and mountain lions. It is as wild and inaccessible today as it was sixty-three years ago when we first visited it. I well remember a comet in the skies with its fiery tail over Table Mountain showing for a few nights, but I cannot identify just which one it was.

It was some ninety miles or more from Tonopah to the ranch and our only means of

transportation was by horse team. We only made trips when supplies were necessary. The town was booming, and claims were staked out all over the landscape. The water supply, I’ve already said, came from Rye Patch which is on the road to Belmont and some twenty miles out of town.

As was the custom then, the new mining camp had to be connected to the nearest railroad, which was at Sodaville some seventy-five miles away. My father and his group financed the narrow gauge road into Tonopah. But before it was hardly finished, it was necessary to broad gauge the road, and extend it later on to Goldfield which did not come into being until several years later, but which, when discovered, was fast rivaling Tonopah. I well remember the summer of 1905, when the last spike of the Tonopah and Goldfield Railroad was driven in Goldfield.

When the group building the railroad from Sodaville endeavored to obtain some trackage rights in order to have freight and passengers transfer from the Southern Pacific coming in from Reno, the proprietor of the town of Sodaville tried to hold them up by excessive prices for the land needed for their trackage and freight yards. So the group building the railroad and financing it just moved up the valley four or five miles, took up desert entry land at a dollar and a quarter an acre and established what is now the town of Nina.

Sodaville no longer exists and Mina is an important junction point on the terminus of the present Southern Pacific out of Reno.

The name Nina came from the name of Wilhelmina, who was the oldest daughter of superintendent Tripp. He was the superintendent of the Tonopah-Goldfield Railroad which was in the course of construction.

As a result of the establishment of the Tonopah-Goldfield area as a permanent

gold and silver producing camp, prospectors branched out all over the area seeking new discoveries. This resulted in Rhyolite and Bullfrog and Beatty being opened up in southern Nye county,

some ninety miles south. This was a 1905 or thereabouts.

When it looked like the camps were going to be permanent gold and silver camps, the extension of the broad-gauge railroad from Goldfield was financed by my father and his group, and known as the Bullfrog-Goldfield Railroad.

But more of that later. My father and his group had incorporated the Tonopah Mining Company of Nevada and the Tonopah-Belmont of Nevada, and were in the position to finance these operations.

I recall the Tonopah Company's large company house on the hill on the foot of Mt. Oddie being the scene of a meeting between T. L. Oddie, Jim Butler, Fred Siebert, Cal Brougner and others and my father and his group.

My father handed them a check for two and three quarter million dollars for their claims and rights with the remark, "This should take care of you boys for the rest of your lives."

Jim Butler moved to the Owens River Valley near Bishop in California and prospered there. Tasker Oddie, always so unsophisticated and generous to a fault, lost his over the next few years as did Fred Siebert. Cal Brougner held on to his.

It soon became evident that the mines in Tonopah should have a stamp mill because of the excessive freight charges for shipping ore to the smelters in California or Utah. Therefore, the Tonopah Mining Company established a ninety-stamp mill at Miller's (named after my father) in the valley below Tonopah and where the railroad branched off

to go to Goldfield. Subsequently, the Nixon-Wingfield interests established the Goldfield Consolidated Mill at Goldfield. Both of these mills were responsible for turning out five hundred to six hundred million dollars worth of gold and silver bullion. The system then in vogue of smelting the ore was supposed to be the best at that time available. But history will show that at the tailing ponds at both the Goldfield Consolidated mill near Goldfield and the Tonopah Mining Company mill at Miller's, the tailings were worked over several times. Several million dollars in metal were extracted by the people who were given the contract to rerun the tailings. But that did not occur until later years.

I well remember the stock market booming in Tonopah, and later on when Goldfield was established. The Tonopah Mining Company shares were floated at fifty cents and a dollar a share. They soon sold for around twenty-two dollars a share, not only on the San Francisco Mining Exchange but on the Philadelphia and other mining exchanges throughout the country. This was well justified because the Tonopah Mining Company, the Belmont Mining Company and the Goldfield Consolidated paid dividends well into the 1920's and later on.

One of my memories of Goldfield was witnessing the Gans-Nelson fight in 1906, which was the start of Tex Rickard's fame as a manager of pugilistic enterprises.

Being not too much of an enthusiast as far as prize fights went, I do not have too many impressions.

I do know that the fight went to forty-two rounds and that Gans was one of the first Negro pugilistic contenders and champions who came along from the dawn of the century until the present time.

It was a lightweight fight and for the life of me, I could not understand how either one

of them could last the forty-two rounds that they did, the decision being given to Gans.

In order to witness this fight, train after train of Pullmans were run in from San Francisco over the railroad, and it was great trouble getting parking space in the yards around Goldfield for them.

I do not know how many trains there were but what impressed me was that these trains were all solid Pullmans and the passengers on them were, of course, well-heeled individuals who brought along with them every luxury that they could.

In the summer of 1905, the Bullfrog Mining District in Nye County some ninety-five miles south of Goldfield was the latest of the glory camps coming in operation.

Charles M. Schwab, the Bethlehem Steel Company magnate and a friend of my father's, financed the Montgomery-Shoshone Mill at Rhyolite, and the townsite of Beatty came into being. My father and his group financed the Tramp and Eclipse mines, which displayed great promise of being another gold and silver producer.

The camp was booming. There were about ten thousand people in that area at the time.

I'll never forget a hot August night, I think it was in 1906, going into the swimming pool there which was nothing more than a rubber swimming pool.

And even though I had been cautioned not to visit the bar, I remember becoming very drowsy from warm creme de menthe which was served me, as they had no ice there to cool their drinks.

The Bullfrog district was so promising that three railroads were feverishly trying to be the first to establish connections with the district.

Senator Clark was extending the San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Salt Lake Railroad

from Las Vegas; the Santa Fe from their main line at Daggett, California; and my father's group coming in from Goldfield with the Bullfrog and Goldfield from the north.

They all agreed to have the joint passenger station at Rhyolite which is still standing as a tourist attraction.

It is rumored that due to the low-grade ore bodies, the district did not come up to expectations.

It eventually blew up shortly after the three rail lines had established service into Rhyolite.

The Santa Fe continued service into Beatty until about 1939 when the rails were torn up. The road bed can still be noticed winding its way down the Amargosa Desert from Beatty. The road from Las Vegas was abandoned in the 1920's, and the road bed is now a major portion of the highway from Las Vegas north. My father's group sold the entire equipment of rails, engines, coaches and cars to the Republic of China in 1918 for enough to compensate them for their original investment.

We cannot leave the Beatty, Rhyolite, Bullfrog districts without further reference. The legendary Death Valley Scotty was then operating in Death Valley and was reputedly the owner of a famous mining property in Grapevine Canyon which he carefully guarded from any intrusion, with dire threats against any overly curious intruders. I remember seeing Death Valley Scotty move into Beatty in 1905 or 1906 with two six-horse ore wagons loaded to the top with sacks of ore, and an armed shotgun rider on top of both wagons. Years later, it was developed in a United States Court trial, when Scotty was being sued by people who had grub-staked him, that he had no mine at all, but was a recipient of wealth from a benefactor by the name of Johnson. Johnson was a wealthy Chicago insurance man and had befriended Scotty because, when

he had gone through the country seeking his health and Scotty did not know he was a wealthy man, Scotty had befriended him and kept him there at his ranch.

After this, Scotty even hired a special train to take him from Las Vegas to Chicago as part of the gimmick and notoriety.

Eventually, the benefactor Johnson's wealth declined. But before he had lost his money, he built the famous Death Valley Scotty's Castle which is a show place at the north end of Death Valley. Unfortunately, it is run by a group of religious people who do not render very good service at this time, but it is well worth seeing if you wanted to tour off of the road below Goldfield and go through Scotty's Castle and then out by way of Beatty back to Las Vegas.

When Johnson had gotten down to his last hundred thousand (which was sometime during the thirties), he took more or less permanent residence at Scotty's Castle, which he built with his wife. Unfortunately, Scotty had an automobile accident going down Grapevine Canyon one day with Mrs. Johnson as a passenger and she was killed in the accident. Scotty, until his death, remained to be a very colorful character in that area. But when it was developed in the court trial in Los Angeles that he did not have any mine with which to pay grub-stakers, his notoriety, and more or less respectability declined.

Another character associated with the Bullfrog-Rhyolite area was John T. Overbury who came to Nevada in 1902, with Clarence Oddie his then friend. Overbury got in on the ground floor at the Rhyolite district, and built the Overbury Block, a six-story, white stone building, in 1906. The date is still over the crumbling walls which are still standing as a last testimonial to one of Nevada's ghost towns. Through his hastily acquired wealth, he married into the famous Chickering piano

family of San Francisco. He hired a special train to take him to Philadelphia.

I regret to say his trip entailed double-crossing his friends the Oddies, due to which fact my father's group terminated all connections with him.

That was around 1910, I believe.

I did not see my old friend John Overbury, with whom I had camped and slept in and out of Tonopah and Monitor Valley for many years, from 1902 until 1907. Then I stopped in Tonopah on a trip south with the then Nevada governor, James G. Scrugham, in the spring of 1923. A derelict came up to me in front of the Mizpah Hotel in Tonopah and asked me for two bits. He identified himself by calling me by my nickname that they kidded me with years before when I was at the ranch. They used to call me Tommy Wheatstraw Miller. And when he said to me, "Tommy Wheatstraw, you know who I am," it all came back to me in a rush.

It was most heartrending to see the condition he was in.

He had been divorced by his wife, and his old friends and family knew nothing about him. Shortly thereafter in 1923, he was killed when his car rolled over on the downgrade from Divide to Goldfield. I always stop by the Rhyolite cemetery when in the vicinity to pay solemn tribute at his grave within sight of the crumbling walls which bear his name.

While we are on the subject of the Bullfrog district, I should mention the brief but noted Greenwater camp located in the Funeral Range of Death Valley, bordering to the east on Death Valley and on the west side of the Amargosa Desert. The shifting sands of the Amargosa Desert are easily identified between Beatty and Lathrop Wells.

It was from that area that we went into the Funeral Range to the new camp of Greenwater. This was located shortly after the

Bullfrog district was opened and gave promise of being a bonanza copper deposit. My father and his group financed the development work, but the ore bed did not hold up and only went down a few feet. They promptly abandoned the district and refused to engage in any stock speculation on any of the stock issues which sky-rocketed to five dollars per share in its heyday. I spent a torrid few months there in 1906, with the rattlesnakes, scorpions, and other desert fauna.

A mention should be made at this point of our first visit to Las Vegas. We were proceeding by special car attached to the regular train in Chicago.

When we arrived at Las Vegas on one hot August day in 1906, we were informed that the Meadow Valley Wash had gone on a rampage, as it has done so often since then, and the road was washed out between Moapa and Caliente. It was necessary to turn the train around and to go back to Barstow and go in over the Santa Fe. Charles Squires, then the agent for the Union Pacific Railroad, visited us and informed us that he could not give us any ice for the train because the ice house had burned up that day too. So it was an added catastrophe. Mr. Squires went on to live through his ninety-second year and became one of the greatest characters in Nevada.

He at that time was also the editor of the young newspaper starting there, which I think was eventually the present Review-Journal. It was a great opportunity to meet a gentleman who actually became one of Nevada's greatest pioneer newspaper men and one of the finest characters.

The station at Las Vegas—long since torn down—looked like one of these silos; it was high and ungainly. There were practically no houses south of the railroad tracks and what few houses there were were in what was called the McWilliams tract. McWilliams was also

developing what is now known as “the other side of the tracks” in Las Vegas.

It was as bare a place on the road as you could find and there couldn't have been more than a hundred people living there.

Charlie Squires was the main cock of the walk, and he had a right to be.

Come 1905, automobiles were first becoming modes of travel around Nevada and supplanting the horse-drawn vehicles for those who could afford them.

But there were plenty of horse-drawn vehicles still in use by the prospectors.

Also the trusty burro, which was the means for prospectors' getting around the country. The Thomas car, a chain-drawn vehicle, was one of the new automobiles.

I well remember driving over desert road from Tonopah to the new camp of Wonder and Nevada Hills in Dixie Valley, now crossed by Highway 40 near Frenchman's Station in Churchill County.

My father's group developed both camps, and built a mill at Wonder which operated until the ore bodies were exhausted.

It was a profitable enterprise, and, as usual, the stocks sky-rocketed from ten cents a share to four dollars a share.

We dealt in all the mining exchanges over the country.

I understand that our dear friend Eva Adams, Director of the Mint, was born in Wonder. I've often discussed the early days of that camp with her. I knew her father, too, up to the time of his death, and had very cordial relations with the family.

The end of Wonder and Nevada Hills was not prolonged like most of the mining camps which turn into ghost towns. As soon as it was found that the ore was not profitable to mill any longer, the camp was abandoned.

The buildings were moved to other camps, and portions of the mill were taken

to other camps to use. The Nevada Hills at Fairview townsite, when it was abandoned, was bought by the Honorable Sam Platt, our noted Nevada lawyer who only recently passed away in his early nineties. Both camps were watered by a well still operating now in Westgate Canyon, some forty-seven miles east of Fallon on Highway 50. I remember that well, because in 1938 when we established the CCC Camp there, the two hundred and fifty boys in the camp used up more water per diem than the whole camps of Fairview and Wonder did in a week! It was hard to get easterners to conserve water.

While I never had the opportunity to personally visit the camp of Rawhide, I knew a number of Nevadans who were successful there. One of them was John Keough, a former Kentuckian who went to school with his friend James Scrugham and came to Nevada because of that fact. John Keough was a successful operator in Rawhide in 1907, and was one of the people who established the Reno Laundry.

Also William Sirbeck, his associate there, was successful in Rawhide and operated many years around Nevada in mining ventures until his death a few years ago. Another well-known character out of Rawhide was my friend Thomas J. D. Salter, afterwards a prominent judge in Humboldt County, Nevada, and one of my closest friends in The American Legion in later years.

Another person I knew who came out of Rawhide was Simon Conwell. Simon Conwell was a great character. He was a member of the Nevada legislature for several years.

He had a dry humor about him.

He passed his later years in Hawthorne and Schurz after he got through in the legislature.

Conwell was one of my foremen in the CCC Camps that we operated later.

Unfortunately, Simon Conwell was found dead near Taft; California, a victim of a hit and run driver as he was walking down the road for some reason or the other; we never could figure out why he was there.

Rawhide turned out quite a few million dollars in ore work and was a rip roarin' booming town for the short time that it lasted. It did not stay on the map long enough to have many permanent buildings built there; it was mostly a tent camp.

With respect to the economy of the country of which I was familiar, I might say that anyone who was in the livery stable business was in a mighty good business, because horses and mules and animal stock were greatly in demand.

Other good enterprises were the clothing business as well as the supply business for the ranches and mines.

Anybody who was in the wholesale or retail grocery business or in the livery stable business didn't have to want for trade and success. The country was nothing but desert land and had some forty or fifty thousand people distributed between the Goldfield Tonopah area, and ten thousand more people down in the Beatty area. The legal profession was also booming because of the constant litigation with the prospectors jumping claims, and establishing claims, and writing contracts and leases and so forth for the various people that were taking over the properties they had discovered. It might be well to mention here that one of the most active trades was for the ladies of easy virtue who always moved into a camp and were well established before it had hardly got started. Be it said to the credit of a lot of these ladies later on they reformed and married into decent and friendly families.

While open gambling was prevalent in Nevada, the people were not so wedded to

it as they are now, because most of the old timers are natives and people who were not indoctrinated into the area. They didn't have much time to be spending their money on gambling. It wasn't like it is here today with the tourists supplying most of the patrons for our gambling establishments.

Before I leave Tonopah in the 1905-1908 era it is interesting to mention some of the people that worked for Oddie in Tonopah. Some of them were easterners and two of them, were the Poe boys, descendants or relations of Edgar Allen Poe. They were graduates of Princeton University where the four brothers attended in the 1890's and became famous All-American football players.

They were doing mucking work in the mines the same as any other miner.

I never will forget Johnny Poe, particularly, coming off the shift at night singing at the top of his lungs as he walked from the cage up to Oddie's house where we were living at that time. John Prentice Poe was the most famous of these four Poe boys who went to Princeton.

As a result of me knowing him in Tonopah I became a very fast friend of his and saw him quite often when I was in the East, as his family lived in Baltimore.

The sad part of it is that when the war opened in 1914, John Poe went abroad with the Princess Pat Regiment from Canada. The last letter that he ever wrote was received by me in which he said, "I am through pulling the lanyards of the '75's. I'm leaving the artillery to go into Princess Pat's infantry regiment tomorrow and will have a chance to go over the top." That was the last that anyone had ever heard of him as his body was literally ground up in the mud of the Somme.

This brings me to the year 1908, when I graduated from Yale. I had hoped through my associations with Nevada to return there, and

possibly make connections through the many interests of my father and his group.

While some of my classmates who graduated in engineering did make such connections with my father, I was destined not to come to Nevada again until after my service in AEF of World War I, some thirteen or fourteen years later.

I did not sever my interest in Nevada affairs. My dear friend Tasker Oddie was a candidate on the Republican ticket for nomination as governor in 1910. When we heard about it, he was broke and we saw to it that he was sent funds to keep his gasoline buggy operating. He was subsequently nominated and elected and served as Nevada's governor from 1911 to 1915. During this period we were constantly in touch with each other by correspondence or meeting when he came East.

One time, when Governor Oddie was making a periodical visit to Washington on state business, he left in the state Lieutenant Governor Gilbert Ross, a Democrat. It just happened that the Republican Attorney General of Nevada Mr. Cleve Baker died. Before Governor Oddie could get back to the state, Acting and Lieutenant Governor Ross, appointed George B. Thatcher, a prominent attorney and a member of the firm Thatcher and Woodburn in Reno, as Attorney General for the term which ended in 1915. George B. Thatcher was a Democratic National Committeeman, a great lawyer, and a great leader in Nevada. He was an associate also of George Wingfield and Senator Nixon in their various enterprises. In those matters, politics made no difference because they were all good friends.

I recall when Oddie and I met at the launching of the USS Nevada in the summer of 1914 at the Fall River Ship and Engine building works at Quincy, Massachusetts. His

little niece, Esther Siebert (his sister Anna's daughter) , christened the battleship. I was then Secretary of State of Delaware and the Republican nominee for Congressman at Large from Delaware. I was elected for my term in Congress that fall. Tasker Oddie was defeated for re-election as governor that fall and the next few years were tough ones for him.

He and my father, who was also Governor of Delaware at the same time, met at governors' conferences. His first marriage was not a success through no fault of his own, as I can well testify. He suddenly married Mrs. Daisy McQuigen, a widow and they were a devoted couple until death took Tasker in 1954.

A few years ago, Mrs. Oddie passed away and their ashes rest alongside of each other at the cemetery in Carson City along with those Tasker's mother, Mrs. Ellen Oddie.

My father, who was still an officer and director of the Tonopah Mining Company and of the railroads in Nevada, visited Nevada continually. He was one of a group that went to Nicaragua to investigate the Eden mining district to see whether the Tonopah Mining Company should invest their surplus funds in that enterprise. The famous mining engineer, John Hayes Hammond was one of the group that advised it.

I well remember my father going from New Orleans in a small coasting steamer, being let over the side of it off the coast of Nicaragua, and being rowed some two hundred miles up a Nicaraguan river to look over the prospects for that mine. Eventually the Tonopah Mining Company did invest some money there, but on account of unsettled political conditions in Nicaragua, they eventually withdrew.

My father was asked to go to the Delaware legislature in 1910 in order to represent more or less of a conservative district and he was

overwhelmingly elected. It just happened that in 1912, when the Bull Moose Party was splitting up the Republican Party, the Republican Party in Delaware looked around for someone to nominate for governor and the lot fell to my father.

He was elected in 1912, being the only Republican elected on the ticket. As is well known, the country went heavily Democratic in favor of Woodrow Wilson as president because of the split in the Republican party. In spite of the fact that my father was serving as governor from 1913 to 1917, he did not relinquish his interest or activity in Nevada affairs and was constantly out here attending to his duties as an officer and director of the Tonopah companies.

While on the hill as secretary and a member of Congress, I became well acquainted with Nevada's Senators, George Nixon and Key Pittman. Both of them were guests at my father's home in Delaware quite often. In fact, my father had given Key Pittman some of his first law cases when he came to Nevada in the early 1900's. Also Nevada's congressmen George Bartlett and Ed Roberts with whom I served were very close friends of mine, not only because of our being members of Congress together but because of my Nevada connections. George Wingfield, Republican National Committeeman, and I collaborated during the 1912, 1916, 1920, and 1924 national conventions and campaigns for the Republican Party. So my Nevada connections were kept alive. In 1916 campaign, I was secretary of the Republican congressional Committee and in the 1920 pre-convention campaign I was a manager of General Leonard Wood's campaign for the Republican nomination for president.

In 1920, former governor Tasker L. Oddie was a candidate for election for the United States Senate from Nevada, opposing

the then-senator Charles B. Henderson. By arrangement with George Wingfield—then Republican National Committeeman—I was instrumental in raising a campaign fund for Oddie's successful election to the United States Senate. He served for twelve years. And in return, George Wingfield saw to it that the Nevada delegates supported General Wood's candidacy.

The money in the campaign fund for Oddie amounted to five thousand dollars, which was big money in those days, and was raised by those of us who were his friends in the East through many, many sources. I have no hesitancy in saying that the Mills family, who owned the V & T Railroad until it was abandoned, were substantial contributors of this campaign fund.

THE 1920 ELECTION

I will tell of the events leading to the 1920 Presidential campaign.

The 1918 national elections resulted in the Republicans capturing both the House and the Senate in the middle of Woodrow Wilson's second term as President of the United States.

So late in 1919, politics became hot, and it was a foregone conclusion that the Republicans had a good chance of capturing the presidency in the national elections in 1920.

Woodrow Wilson was a sick man, mortally wounded in both health and pride. And the Democratic Party was as torn asunder as is the Republican Party in the year 1965.

So who was there more entitled to take part in the forthcoming campaign than the thousands of war veterans scattered in every hamlet of the land. Thousands of them were standing for election to public office from constable up to and including the presidency. The one and only outstanding candidate for the presidency in either party was Major General Leonard Wood.

I will digress a moment to give a brief history of General Wood's military record.

He started out in the 1890's as a contract surgeon in the regular Army.

When the war with Spain was declared in April 1898, General Wood was a great friend of the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt. Between them, they were given the commission by President McKinley of what was known as the first United States Volunteer Cavalry, otherwise the Rough Riders.

The regiment acquitted itself very creditably in the few engagements in the Spanish war, particularly the San Juan Hill engagement in the summer of 1898. Theodore Roosevelt was second in command.

When Roosevelt became President in 1901 by the assassination of President William McKinley, Colonel Wood was then sitting pretty. He was given some very, very fast promotions, being passed over hundreds of other officers. Of course there was great resentment of a man who started out in the regular Army as a contract surgeon to be now in the general line of the Army. I think he was made a brigadier general by President

Roosevelt during his administration. He also was sent to the Philippines by (I think) the Taft Administration as Governor General of the Philippines.

So at the start of World War I in 1914, General Wood was in command of the Department of the East, a prized Army assignment at Governor's Island, New York. He foresaw America's eventual involvement in that war and had, on his own initiative, started the Plattsburg military camps to train officer material. I previously mentioned the Military Training Camps Association and the first military training camp at Plattsburg in 1915, which I had the privilege of attending and getting my first military training.

General Wood invited former President Roosevelt to address the Plattsburg training camp regiment in the summer or fall of 1915. Colonel Roosevelt, true to his habits, blistered the then Secretary of War, Lindley Garrison. This made it possible for Woodrow Wilson to prefer charges against General Wood and remove him as Commanding General of the Department of the East.

That happened in 1915. My memory does not serve me sufficiently to tell you at this time just where General Wood was then assigned.

This is all background for what I am coming to.

There was extreme jealousy between Major General Leonard Wood and Major General John J. Pershing.

Both of them were recipients of fast promotions over hundreds of their fellow officers by both the Roosevelt and William H. Taft administrations. They were both tarred with the same stick, if you could use that term; but it is not said in a derogatory fashion.

With the outbreak of the Mexican border war, in 1916, it was a question as to who would be put in command of the expedition to go into Mexico and punish Pancho Villa.

General Funston had died or he would have been the selection.

Therefore, it was between Wood and Pershing as to who would be selected. The Wilson administration selected General Pershing, believing him to be the least politically dangerous of the two.

Briefly, General Pershing came out of Mexico without any set-back, and therefore was the natural in line to be considered for commander of the American Expeditionary Force in the war that was to be declared on April 7, 1917. General Wood, however, was sent to Camp Funston, Kansas, in command of the 89th Infantry Division.

He trained and brought this division into a high state of efficiency.

In 1918, when the American combat divisions were considered prepared to be shipped to France and enter into combat, the 89th Division in due course (in the summer of 1918) was ordered overseas. But much to the surprise of all these men and officers that he had trained and brought to a high state of efficiency, General Wood was removed from command personally by President Woodrow Wilson, and forced to sit the war out in this country while his finely trained 89th Division was sent abroad to take its part in the then-concluding conflict of World War I.

So with these circumstances behind him, General Wood was a natural for the war veterans and millions of American citizens to rally around him as a veterans' candidate for President. Being a Republican made General Wood all the more prominent as a candidate. But the general had been in active service of the Army during his entire life, and he had no funds or organization to start a campaign.

He was a political neophyte, almost unsophisticated as far as politics went. Former President Theodore Roosevelt, who, too, had been denied an opportunity to serve in active

service in World War I by President Woodrow Wilson, died in December 1919, but not until he had publicly pointed to General Wood as inheriting the mantle of his authority in matters political; particularly with respect to the Republican Party, which had become united as between the regulars and the Bull Mooses.

So early in 1920, groups of people—some veterans and others just plain citizens—commenced to form clubs and start movements for General Wood to be nominated as a candidate of the Republican Party at the national convention to be held in Chicago in June 1920.

Of the old guard in the Republican Party, many were opposed to the former President Theodore Roosevelt.

A group composed of about a dozen members of the Republican Party in the United States Senate, and such conservatives as Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University; George Harvey, a newspaper publisher; and a senior Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts who sounded the death knell of the League of Nations, had other ideas. There were also the progressives in the United States Senate led by Senator Hiram Johnson of California, Senator William Borah of Idaho, Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, and a leading progressive in the United States Senate, Senator Robert LaFollette Sr., and several others. This coterie hated General Wood with a venom. Several witnesses in the political fight.

The opposition to General Wood centered on Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, a most personable man who had been a member of Congress. He was a man of wealth, having married into the Pullman family and the Pullman palace car millions.

So I asked a leave of absence from the Legion legislative work in Washington and

became actively associated with the campaign to nominate General Wood for the Republican nomination for President.

Designated eastern managers of the campaign were Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire, one of the few, or only, senators in the United States Senate who favored General Wood, and Congressman Norman Judd Gould of New York, with whom I had served in Congress.

We had headquarters established in the old Imperial Hotel in New York City, at 34th Street and Broadway.

One of our chief difficulties in our six month campaign proceeding the convening of the Republican national convention in Chicago in June 1920, was to separate the available and useful members of our campaign staffs in the various states from those eager beavers who were perfectly sincere in their efforts but who couldn't contribute a single delegate to the fight.

It was the delegates that we were after. And we were also, as I have intimated before, considerably hampered by the lack of funds.

At that time the only avowed candidate against General Wood was Governor Lowden of Illinois. He was a very wealthy man so there was no question of financing his campaign.

Early in 1920, Colonel William Cooper Proctor, a very prominent civic leader in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the head of the Proctor and Gamble soap company and a very fine man, came into the campaign. He was very wealthy, a graduate of Princeton, and a man of the very highest ideals.

He agreed to underwrite a large portion of the campaign expense.

Also Mr. Andrew Monell of the Monell Copper Company was another one of our angels. Also former Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson of New York, did not contribute so much financially to our campaign, but he

was a very necessary advisor. Also Herbert Satterlee, the son-in-law of old J. Pierpont Morgan and a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy was one of our angels and gave us great help.

But as I say, in order to organize a campaign in forty or more states in such a short time, it took Herculean efforts to separate the chaff from the wheat, and in order not to step on anybody's toes in the various areas. Believe it or not, General Wood was classified as the most liberal candidate as opposed to Governor Lowden, largely because of his previous association with the late President Theodore Roosevelt. Wood had inherited the Roosevelt mantle as a liberal Republican. We also had to deal with a number of hard, stand-pat conservatives. And a hard block of about twelve united Senators, all Republicans, were hard to convince. The liberal group headed by the three senators that I named were favorable to Senator Hiram Johnson, former Governor of California, for the nomination.

I will briefly touch upon the characteristics of the leading candidates. General Wood, with his military record, had absolutely no political experience whatever, and was as unsophisticated a candidate for any office as many of us had had anything to do with. Without consulting any of his managers, he would make this promise or that promise, only to come back and confuse and confound us. When we would visit the state where he had made the promise we might find out that it was to his detriment to have done so. But we managed to put up with it.

Governor Lowden as I have told you before, had been former member of Congress, was a very popular and efficient governor of Illinois, a man of wealth without being at all ostentatious about it. He was a gentleman through and through; he never pulled a dirty punch in the campaign.

Hiram Johnson, on the other hand, was the man who, when he was governor of California in 1916, gave the double cross to Charles Evans Hughes who was running for the presidency and caused California to go Democratic by three thousand votes against Mr. Hughes. That gave the election of 1916 to President Woodrow Wilson for his second term. He was an out and out progressive, a former Bull Moose candidate for vice president with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt in the earlier campaign and was one of the most bitter gut fighters, as we might call it, in the game. Together with his hard core of liberal senators, as well as a number of conservative Republican senators principally lead by Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, he saw that they were being outnumbered in the delegates. General Wood was considered far in advance of even Governor Lowden and Hiram Johnson as a candidate.

The Johnson supporters cooked up the idea of trying to show that the Wood campaign, and incidentally later on the Lowden campaign, were spending too much money and should be shown up before the convention. Therefore, they called all of the Wood and Lowden managers down to Washington before a Senate committee, and tried to put us on the stand to show that we were spending too much money. In those days, if you spent a hundred thousand dollars, you were considered a political extravagance, where today that wouldn't be enough to carry a good city election; and I'm not speaking sarcastically. Therefore, when the Wood and Lowden forces were called in before a Senate investigating committee, they gave us a very bad time and had hoped by that to show up both the Wood and Lowden campaigns to such an extent that the people would be afraid to nominate them, and Hiram Johnson would walk in.

Now mind you, up until this time, I have made no mention of what eventually was the ticket: Warren G. Harding for President and Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts for Vice President. Their names were not even mentioned or considered up until that time. Mr. Harding was serving his first term as Senator from Ohio. That state has been considered the home of Presidents, and in later years, it was a great asset to a nominee on the Republican ticket to be from there. Calvin Coolidge was sitting up in Boston getting a few kudos for having broken the Boston police strike in 1919. But neither one of them was given any thought of eventually capturing the nominations, which they did later.

I well remember making quite a few contacts with Calvin Coolidge as governor of Massachusetts because he was very interesting. He didn't exactly promise that the Massachusetts delegation would go for General Wood because he had to contend with his mentor Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr. who was a bitter enemy of General Wood's, as I have said the Senate cabal was. But Governor Coolidge had his eye on the future and I think he knew just who he was dealing with. It was my good fortune to see much of him in the political jockeying in the first six months of 1919.

You've heard many stories about how parsimonious Mr. Coolidge was. He never left enough on his plate for it to be sent out to be laundered; in other words, he cleaned it up clean. He was also a great fancier of cigars, but of the five cent type that was in vogue at that time. And when I introduced him to the Partagas cigar costing at that time about thirty-five to fifty cents apiece, he thought I was very extravagant, and asked me whether that was coming out of the Wood campaign fund.

Later on, when Mr. Coolidge was president by reason of the death of President Harding in August 1923, it was my privilege and pleasure to be at the White House quite often, either officially or unofficially. And I remember several lunches particularly when Mr. Coolidge would let his charming wife, Grace Goodhue Coolidge, do most all of the talking and social amenities of the occasion with the other guests. Meanwhile, he strictly attended to what he was there for; namely to eat, get it over with, and clean off his plate.

When we convened in Chicago around June 10, 1920, for the Republican National Convention, lines were pretty tightly drawn between the two leading candidates, General Leonard E. Wood and Governor Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. It is true that a few other people (whose names I can't remember for the moment; Nicholas Murray Butler and a few "favorite sons") might have been mentioned, but they weren't taken seriously enough to have official headquarters.

I well remember the Wood campaign was opened very ostentatiously by William Cooper Proctor and all of us who were on the campaign staff. Immediately cries went out in the opposition newspapers that, true to form, the Wood campaign was being financed by a number of very rich angels including, as I said, Mr. William Cooper Proctor and Andrew Monell and Herbert Satterlee, the son-in-law of J. Pierpont Morgan. But we had to have money to hire and open rooms, and have at least grape juice and soda pop there for the people to enjoy.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., of Massachusetts was the chairman of the convention; he had been selected by the Republican National Committee. Bear in mind that I have told you that he was a bitter enemy of General Wood's. He couldn't cotton to him, and I don't think he cared much

for Governor Lowden. He might have been hoping that his own lightning rod would be struck and he would be nominated. I'll tell you a little bit later on how he hurt the Wood forces in the battling that took place.

There were ten ballots starting on June 11, and I think they went over until the third day (I can't quite remember that far back). On the first ballot, General Wood lead by two hundred and eighty-seven votes. Governor Lowden came along with two hundred and eleven votes. And Hiram Johnson had a hundred and thirty-three votes.

It is true that Senator Harding did have sixty-five votes, but he lost thirteen votes from his own state of Ohio to General Wood, which caused quite a ruckus and a lot of hard feeling.

General Wood continued to lead in the balloting of the second, third, and fourth ballots over any of his opponents. Senator Harding only got fifty-eight votes after those he lost, and Hiram Johnson lost from his high.

Here's what happened: Henry Cabot Lodge, who was chairman, wanted to recess the convention so that he could get together with his senatorial colleagues and, if possible, stop Wood and make some deal with Governor Lowden on part of the Senate cabal. Therefore, when a motion was made to recess the convention, the thunderous opposition and "no's" from the Wood and Lowden forces drowned out the feeble "ayes." Without further ado Henry Cabot Lodge put the gavel down on the rostrum and walked off the stage and the convention was recessed.

During the night of the first balloting, plenty was going on around Chicago. The Wood forces were importuned to go ahead with Governor Lowden as President and Wood as Vice President. The Wood forces counteracted by saying that they would nominate Wood for President and Mr.

Lowden could run for Vice President. There was no soap with either deal.

In the meantime, a number of the Senate cabal were meeting with some of the so-called "king-makers" (George Harvey and others that I have mentioned) in the Blackstone Hotel in order to work out a compromise, because they were frankly scared that General Wood was going to run away with the nomination on the sixth ballot. That's where the story comes out about nominees being selected in "smoke-filled rooms." In most every room that you went into in the Blackstone, which is still standing right there on Michigan Avenue, there was plenty of smoke and political fire.

The next afternoon, Saturday, June 12, as I recall it, when the sixth ballot was on, General Wood and Lowden each had three hundred and eleven and a half votes, and Hiram Johnson had a hundred and ten. In subsequent ballots, the seventh and eighth, why, Mr. Harding continued to gain. For instance, on the eighth ballot, he had over a hundred and five votes, whereas Governor Lowden had three hundred and seven and General Wood, two ninety-nine. A break came on the ninth ballot of the third day when a number of delegates from Hiram Johnson's camp had deserted him, and Frank Lowden sank from down to a hundred and twenty-one—almost half of what he started with. General Wood sank back to two-hundred and forty-nine. And lo and behold, Mr. Harding, the dark horse, led on the ninth ballot by three hundred and seventy-four votes. On the tenth ballot, it was all over but the shouting. Mr. Harding was nominated by an overwhelming majority, six hundred and ninety-two delegates, which was more than necessary.

The twenty-four delegates from Wisconsin voted right through to the end for Senator Robert LaFollette, the progressive candidate.

There was still a Vice president to be selected. The Senate cabal again led by Senator Reed Smoot of Utah and the convention chairman Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., of Massachusetts, had selected Senator Irving Lenroot of Wisconsin to be the vice presidential nominee on the theory that he was sufficiently regular, yet came from the progressive state of Wisconsin, the home of Senator Bob LaFollette, and might be instrumental in carrying the state of Wisconsin over the Republican nominee in spite of his progressive tendency. Therefore, Senator Lenroot was duly nominated, and everybody sat back taking it easy thinking, of course, he would go over without a doubt, because it had been demonstrated that Senate cabal that had brought about the nomination of Warren G. Harding was still in control of the convention.

Remember that Henry Cabot Lodge was the chairman up there, and he could recess or control the destiny of the convention almost at will. However, in the midst of the roll call somebody got up and yelled, "What about the Boston police strike?" "I cast my one vote for Calvin Coolidge!" And first thing you know, it was all over. They had nominated Coolidge almost by acclamation.

I will recapitulate my own opinions as to how the nomination of Mr. Harding came out. I already outlined how Mr. Coolidge got on the ticket as vice president. Senator Harding was serving, as I said, his first term in the United States Senate from Ohio. Remember that Ohio is almost the birthplace and battle ground of many a Republican candidate for the presidency and many who were elected. So any man coming from Ohio before the Republican convention had a very distinct advantage to begin with. Mr. Harding had always been a pleasant mannered man; he made few if any enemies;

he had no vindictiveness about him. During the preliminary campaign, Mr. Harry M. Daugherty, who was a local political leader in Ohio, had been in the Ohio legislature, and had been what we might term a lobbyist before the Ohio legislature at Columbus, Ohio on various matters. Daugherty predicted early in the campaign, even though it was not even considered at that time that Mr. Harding would have a chance as between Lowden and Wood, that eventually there would be a deadlock at the Republican National Convention at Chicago. And the tired and disgusted delegates would turn to leaders who would meet in the "smoke-filled room" somewhere in Chicago, and out of it would come a compromise that would select Warren G. Harding as the eventual nominee of the Republican Party for the presidency.

I cannot conceive that Mr. Daugherty, as much as I know about, can be given the full credit for Mr. Warren G. Harding's nomination. As I said before, Mr. Harding had gone through political life in Ohio; he had been Lieutenant Governor before he went to the United States Senate. He wasn't a pussyfooter and he wouldn't take punishment from anybody. He could come back with a pretty good punch. But his whole object in life, or his whole characteristic in his political and senatorial life, was not to rub people the wrong way, but to make friends. And so it paid off. However, there was a big segment of the Republican delegates from the state of Ohio in that convention who refused to vote for Mr. Harding to the end. They supported General Wood, largely because William Cooper Proctor from Cincinnati was highly respected, and as I told you, one of the Wood supporters.

When it became evident after six or seven ballots that the Lowden and Wood forces were stalemated and neither one would give

in to the other, then it was very apparent, particularly to the Senate cabal there, that they would have an opportunity to nominate one of their own, namely Senator Warren G. Harding for the presidency. Even then, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the chairman of the convention, wasn't any too keen about supporting Mr. Harding. Lodge was hoping that lightning would strike him, especially as he had been the leading opponent of the League of Nations, and that was a very, very pertinent issue in the 1920 campaign.

I think I'm safe in saying that the final deal to take advantage of the stalemate between Wood and Lowden and push for the nomination of Warren G. Harding was settled in the "smoke-filled room" of Mr. George Harvey in the Blackstone Hotel. As I previously said, Mr. Harvey was a man of wealth, a publisher of a number of newspapers magazines, and he fancied himself to be a "king maker". That's where Senator Smoot of Utah, who was from the very start the chief Harding exponent called all the Senators in to try to get them to agree and vote for their colleague from Ohio on the final balloting on the day when the convention was to vote. As I've said before, the only senator who opposed this was Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire, who was one of our Wood managers. There was no indication that any particular promises were made to these men I call the Senate cabal to turn in and help their colleague because they were all honorable men. There was nothing you could give them. Of course, with one of their colleagues to become president, it was certain that they would have a pretty good say as to what was to be done in their states with respect to appointments and patronage. As I recall, none of them were ever given any particular appointments unless it was Senator Harry S. New of Indiana who later on became Post Master General.

I can't name offhand all the senators who were in on this deal. Senator Frank B. Brandegee of Connecticut was one of them; and Senator James Watson of Indiana was another one; Senator DuPont of my own state of Delaware was another one; Senator Medill MacCormack was another one; and Senator Borah of Idaho, who would generally pass as a liberal and was in with the so-called progressives, came over and became a regular in support of Mr. Harding. A lot of us believe that he might have a formidable candidate himself had he permitted his name to be used. And be it said to the credit of Senator Borah and Senator Hiram Johnson, they were among the most active speakers in the speaking campaign in 1920 in support of the ticket. However, Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, Senator Robert LaFollette of Wisconsin, and Senator Miles Poindexter of Washington, held out until the end and did not give the ticket any support.

Following the convention in Chicago, it was natural for the Republican National Committee to meet and. organize for the campaign. I have neglected to say that William H. Hays, commonly known as Will Hays, was the chairman of the Republican National Committee, which had been reorganized after the successful 1918 elections. And while he did not get any votes in the balloting for president in the 1920 convention, he was standing in the curtains perfectly willing to come out and be a compromise candidate if somebody would propose him when Wood and Lowden were in a stalemate.

But nobody proposed him. Therefore, he started out the campaign as chairman of the Republican National Committee in order to plan for the election of Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge.

I was asked to be the chairman of the National Republican Committee's eastern

speaking bureau under Mr. Hays as his assistant. In that capacity, I took over shortly after the convention in June 1920.

I presume that I was selected as more or less of a palliative to the Wood forces, as no other member of the Wood campaign committee was particularly favored in the political campaign that took place between June and November.

Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York, who was a brilliant member of the United States Senate and chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, was one of the senate group that opposed General Wood. And he was not particularly keen about the nomination of Senator Harding, although be it said to his credit, he joined in the campaign and was a very effective speaker.

Senator Wadsworth, in my mind, was one of the highest type members of the United States Senate; a man of unimpeachable character. He later was utilized by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt at the outbreak of World War II when he had become a member of the lower house of Congress after being defeated for the Senate in 1926.

He helped to put through all of the Roosevelt preparedness bills in the Congress.

The responsibility of handling the speaker's campaign, particularly a territory as large as from the Mississippi Valley east, was a new experience for me.

But inasmuch as I had had the opportunity to know many, many senators and congressmen by reason of my service there, it was not too difficult a task to recruit a speaker's bureau, a list of speakers. I think I've already said that Senator Hiram Johnson agreed to support the ticket as did William E. Borah, the senator from Idaho, largely because the Republican platform and the candidates—Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge—were known to be opposed to the entry of the United States

into the League of Nations, and to ratification of the treaty which was then pending before the Senate.

I well remember Lillian Russell was one of our prize speakers. She was then married to Mr. Alexander P. Moore, the owner and publisher of the Pittsburg Dispatch and later an Ambassador to Spain. Also Mrs. Paul Morton Sabin (the daughter of the Honorable Benjamin F. Tracy, who was Secretary of the Navy in the Benjamin Harrison administration) the Republican national committeewoman from New York, was one of the brilliant ladies that we used in the campaign. I can't think at the moment of the various governors and senators that we utilized, but we had plenty of material to draw from.

Our speaking campaign started off right away on the Fourth of July and was conducted right up to and concluding with the election on the first Tuesday in November 1920. It was particularly hard to handle Hiram Johnson because if he was not satisfied with the number of the crowd or the reception he got, he blamed our headquarters rather than local conditions or himself.

MY POLITICAL CAREER, SECOND PHASE 1920-1933

After the election of 1920, of course, there was jockeying for positions, jockeying for jobs and recommendations for jobs. As a result of having been director of the eastern speakers' bureau and utilizing the services of numerous individuals both male and female, I of course was importuned to recommend for this or that appointment under the incoming administration which took office on March 4, 1921. I don't at the moment remember the names of the positions I was asked to recommend them for, but I assure you that there were many of them. Some of them deserved it, and others were a little bit presumptuous in asking for some of the jobs that they felt they were entitled to.

I was asked by the Secretary of War, John W. Weeks, former Senator from Massachusetts, who was a great personal friend of mine, if I would take the position of the Assistant Secretary of War under him. But my dear friend Senator James W. Wadsworth came to me and asked me if I would step aside because he had promised to support a prominent Republican Congressman from Long Island,

J. Mayhew Wainwright for the office. So out of deference to my friend Senator Wadsworth, I stepped aside.

About March 12, 1921 I was asked by President Harding to come to Washington, and he offered me the position of Alien Property Custodian of the

United States, which had control of the administration of the Trading with the Enemy Act. At this same meeting with president Harding was General Charles G. Dawes, afterwards vice-president under president Coolidge. Mr. Harding was very much concerned about the veteran situation and the fact that very little if anything had been done up to that time in legislation to make good the government's debt of honor which I referred to previously. He therefore proposed to General Dawes and myself that a committee consisting of General Dawes as chairman, T. V. O'Connor of the Longshoremen's Union, John L. Lewis of the Miners Union, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel Henry Berry of Tennessee, and General J. Milton Foreman of Illinois be appointed to sit in Washington.

We used the upstairs of the White House for our meetings. Our task was to reclassify and consolidate the nine or ten government offices or bureaus in Washington which at that time had the responsibility of dealing with all the veterans from the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Indian wars and the Spanish-American War. After six weeks of very intensive meetings, we reported our recommendations, which resulted in Congress passing a bill consolidating under one agency all of the various agencies in Washington which had to do with veterans' problems.

Out of this came what was known as the Veterans' Bureau, the forerunner of what is now the United States Veterans Administration.

There was no particular opposition in Congress to this consolidation, because if I do say it, it was a gilt-edged committee headed by General Dawes. At that time, Dawes was one of the leading bankers of the country and had been practically General John J. Pershing's right-hand man in the American Expeditionary Forces. This is to say nothing of the others that were on there, with all due respect to my humble self. John L. Lewis was then at the height of his omnipotence in the United Mine Workers' Union (and his eyebrows were still as long and bushy as in later life) T. V. O'Connor was a strict adherent to the Longshoremen's Union which since then has tied up by numerous strikes the operation of the United States Merchant Marine. Ted Roosevelt, of course, was a fine adjunct to the committee, as was General J. Milton Foreman of Illinois.

I have already made reference to the fact that I was the recipient of hundreds of requests for recommendations and for jobs and for favors, having been active in the Harding-Coolidge campaign. It seems that

once that you have utilized the services of anyone interested in politics from the precinct, up to the city, county, or state or national level, you are expected to look after their wants, political and otherwise, for the rest of their lives. I did not say this sarcastically, but having had considerable experience in Washington previously and knowing the ropes fairly well, I naturally was a pretty good target for these requests. This is to say nothing of the hundreds of veterans who visited Washington and, knowing my connection with American Legion and having an idea that I had a pretty good "in" with the administration, came to me with their individual troubles.

I remember particularly (in 1922 I think it was), that Judge Frank H. Norcross of Nevada, accompanied by Charles Cantwell, a prominent attorney of the bar of Nevada, came to Washington in order to carry out a mandate of the Nevada legislature to recover the Civil War debt to the state of Nevada amounting to, if I'm not mistaken, three quarters of a million or maybe a million dollars.

I had known Frank Norcross from my previous associations in Nevada and he considered me a good personal friend.

I hadn't known Mr. Cantwell so well. So when they came to me in my office and asked for some help in breaking down the barriers in Washington so they could get to the right person to have their claim considered, I was very glad to be able to help them without too much trouble. I can report that in a few weeks after they arrived in Washington, they went back to Nevada with their mission successfully accomplished.

This made it necessary for me to bring pressure on some of my friends in the Department of Justice under Mr. Harry M. Daugherty, who had been made Attorney General, and also some of my friends on

the hill who had the say about allocating the money of the appropriation bill to pay Nevada's debt.

In the early part of the Harding administration and during the incumbency of Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes, it was decided to call a disarmament conference in Washington, to be participated in by our allies whose navies were of sufficient size and importance to be considered. Therefore it was convened in Washington late in 1921, if I remember it correctly.

The American Legion was very much interested in the outcome of this conference.

They were strong for preparedness, and had been asked to give recommendations and advice to Senate and House committees in order to improve the plans and formulas for any future wars.

Therefore, I was designated by the National Commander of The American Legion at that time to be more or less of an observer at this conference. Much to my pleasure and surprise, one of my most intimate friends, Loring C. Christie, represented the Dominion of Canada at this same conference.

He had been a great friend of mine before the war and remained a great friend for many years afterwards. Later he became Ambassador to the United States from Canada.

So I had an opportunity to move around with the people that were attending and participating in the conference.

The United States went into this conference sincerely and wholeheartedly with a desire to see the naval armaments reduced to a minimum. As an aftermath of that, Billy Mitchell bombed and sank five hundred thousand tons of battleship and battle cruiser tonnage off the Virginia capes in order to carry out the promises that the United States made to scrap five hundred thousand tons of naval

tonnage then on the ways. On the contrary, our dear friends the British went back and tore up blue prints. As for the Japanese, they planned to break the treaty before the ink was hardly dry. And of course the Germans, who were then our enemies, were instructed by the terms of the conference not to participate in any more building of offensive naval ships. This was only to be broken by Hitler some twelve years later when he surreptitiously constructed what was known as the famous "pocket battleships" of the German navy which wreaked such havoc in World War II.

While I'm on the subject, the British battleship, HMS Warspite was supposed to be sunk under the Washington Arms Treaty in 1921 and it turned out to be the saving grace of the British fleet in World War II and was brought to our Navy Yard in Bremerton, Washington for repairs as late as 1944. And all of the Japanese battle ships and cruisers that were in commission at that time lived on to plague us in World War II.

After the Washington Naval Conference adjourned, Francis E. Kellogg of Minnesota, a former senator, was Secretary of State. He entered into the famous Kellogg-Briand peace treaties which were supposed to take the place of our naval armament and insure against any future wars.. Again I make the rather sarcastic statement that before the ink was hardly dry on any of these treaties most of the signatories, including our allies, were making plans to break the treaties and did so.

I will tell my impressions of Mrs. Harding, the wife of President Harding. I'll be brief, because it was not too often either before the election of 1920 during the campaign or after they moved into the White House that I saw her.

Mrs. Harding was Florence Kling DeWolfe, a divorcee and the daughter of the richest man in Marion, Ohio. She married Mr. Harding

when he was twenty-six years of age, and then struggling newspaper editor of the Marion Star. She was a driving, forceful personality, but at the start of Harding's campaign for Republican presidential nomination, she was opposed to his running. But once in the fight, she never tolerated any idea of quitting, even when the Ohio primaries in the spring of 1920 showed that Mr. Harding had lost a quarter of the Ohio delegates from his own state to General Leonard Wood. This was because of the influence of Colonel William Cooper Proctor, to whom I referred before and who lived in Cincinnati.

After President Harding came into office, he was importuned to pardon Eugene Debs, a leading labor organizer. He had been convicted under the Espionage Act for trying to tear down the United States government in time of war. Believe it or not, Debs received almost a million votes in the 1920 election, but they could not be translated into electoral votes, which count. I merely mentioned the connection with Debs at this time, because Mrs. Harding was very much opposed to Debs who was serving a ten-year sentence in the penitentiary, as I said, for violating the Espionage Act. However, late in 1921, Mr. Harding, in spite of the opposition of Mrs. Harding, and by the way The American Legion, issued a parole to Mr. Debs so that he could leave the penitentiary.

I merely cite this to show that he did not always follow his wife's advice.

With all due respect to Mrs. Harding, she was not what would be called an overly cordial person to anyone, and in her presence you could feel her scrutinizing eyes sizing you up and mentally calculating just where you would fit into the picture.

I should make it plain that I was not acquainted with Mrs. Harding until after the Republican National Convention. I first

met her at the homecoming in Marion, Ohio which was held in July of 1920, when Mr. Harding was officially notified by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the chairman of the convention, of his nomination for president and he made his acceptance speech. Later on, of course, when the Hardings moved into the White House, and I was called there numerous times on various occasions, some social and otherwise official, I had the opportunity to be in Mrs. Harding's presence.

I gained the impression then, as I said before, that she sized people up pretty carefully. And I was of the opinion from some of her remarks from time to time about men or people who were under consideration, that she had a vindictive streak.

I could hardly complain about that because one of the hardest things that I had to fight down, over the years in my own anatomy is the vindictive streak. I might add here that this did not in any way detract (these characteristics are my impression alone), did not in any way detract from Mrs. Harding's being a hospitable and pleasant hostess on occasions when she was called upon to entertain people. I was not always a guest at big functions, but I had plenty of opportunity to see them informally and formally when I was called there to perform the various duties that I had to perform under Mr. Harding.

She was a great one for standing up for home-town folks. For instance Dr. Charles Sawyer, who had been the physician of the Harding family at Marion long before they ever contemplated coming to Washington in any capacity, was a little bit of a home-town practitioner; what we might call, without being sarcastic, a "pill doctor." So he was brought to Washington, commissioned as a Brigadier General in the United States Army Medical Corps, and installed as the White House physician.

The White House physician, as you well know, is charged with the responsibility of looking after the health of the President and his family. But soon after Dr. Sawyer came to Washington in this capacity (which I believe was in May 1921) he branched out considerably. Many of us were aware of the fact that he was looking into matters and problems which did not remotely relate to his position as a physician at the White House in the background.

Just as rather a confidential remark: as I said, Dr. Sawyer was commissioned a Brigadier General in the U. S. Army Medical Corps, and as it was a new experience to him, he was always in uniform even though war days were over!

Officially, of course the war with Germany was not declared over until July 2, 1921, but to all intents and purposes it had been over for some years.

But there were a number of military officers, non-commissioned and commissioned, around Washington who naturally would salute a Brigadier General when they met him on the street; or if it was a sentry walking his post he would come to "present arms."

It took a little bit of tutelage to let Brigadier General Sawyer in on the secret that he should return the salute so that the sentry could assume his post, or the officers saluting him could pass on.

One might ask whether Mrs. Harding had any entree or any control over other presidential appointments.

Of course, I would not be a party to that, because naturally I wouldn't be around when the President was talking over such confidential matters with his wife. But I do know that woe be to anyone who was being considered for an appointment that had crossed her in the past, or if anyone was given an appointment with the President and

didn't come up to snuff or didn't please her. I'm quite sure the President heard about it in their confidential talks in the White House when no other people were present! In other words, to be frank with you, she was a lady to be feared and you walked the short line not to get her enmity.

I have referred before to the commission headed by General Charles E. Dawes which the President appointed and of which I was a member, having for its purpose the consolidation of all offices of the government concerning veterans in Washington. It was our pleasure to meet upstairs in the White House. At numerous times, especially around tea time in our six weeks sojourn there, Mrs. Harding would come down and graciously see that we were served tea, and chat with the individual members.

Between March 1921 and March 1925 were four very busy and active years. The post of Alien Property Custodian to which I was appointed by President Harding was of sub-cabinet status. At the same time, my friend Colonel Theodore Roosevelt Jr. was appointed Assistant Secretary of War under Ed Danby of Michigan. During hot summers in Washington when our families were away, young Roosevelt and myself occupied bachelor apartments together on I Street near the Army and Navy Club where we took our meals. We were the two leading appointments given to prominent members of the American Legion. No other appointments of this status were given to any other veterans at this time. Roosevelt went on to be Governor-General of the Philippines, and Hanford MacNider of Iowa, a past National Commander of the American Legion, succeeded Ted Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of War, and later went on to be Minister to Canada.

The office of Alien Property Custodian was charged with administering the several

hundred millions of dollars of property seized under the Trading with the Enemy Act, enacted shortly after war was declared in April 1917.

Under this Act, any and all property belonging to any enemy was subject to seizure and administration by the Alien Property Custodian. There was not a state in the Union or in our territories overseas where some of this enemy property did not exist. Every conceivable kind of business or corporation was included in the property seize as well as millions of dollars in cash assets.

In addition to the administrative staff of over three hundred in the Washington office, there were thousands of others employed to run the various businesses in every state of the Union and overseas.

This was the greatest patronage source of any department of the federal government.

When the Harding administration took over on March 4, 1921, there were thousands of such jobs and positions held by thousands of Democrats under the former Alien Property Custodians, A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania, with whom I had served in Congress before the war, and Francis P. Garvin.

This was the situation that confronted the newly-appointed Alien Property Custodian when taking over the operation in the office on March 12, 1921.

The pressure for jobs commenced immediately and was never absent from almost daily requests over the next four years. The situation also made the person occupying the position as much sought after both socially and politically as any other office under the Administration.

Another function of the office was to consider and review the thousands of claims filed almost every day for the return of property to the original owners based on

some interpretation of the Trading With the Enemy Act.

Shortly after the new administration came into power in March 1921, the law was amended, at the behest of the then Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty, to require that all claims for the return of enemy property seized under the Act must be approved by the Department of Justice, i.e., the Attorney General, before the property could be returned. Mention is made of this as it has a bearing on future remarks to be made on this subject.

There was not a day in the busy week but some member of the Senate or the House did not call or come to the office in support of some claim made by their friends or constituents, or to see about obtaining approval for some job or position under the Alien Property office or in the various establishments which the office operated over the nation. Therefore, there was hardly a Senator or a Congressman or public figure that I did not know or come in contact with. So the office, and the holder of the office, was about the busiest in Washington.

During these years I was continuing my active connection with The American Legion, being on the National Executive Committee representing the Department of Delaware, serving as chairman of some national committee, serving in a post such as on the Dawes Committee, to which I have made reference, or appearing before Congressional committees in support of the Legion's legislative program.

I was also sitting in on the unofficial group who had something to say about the running of the Legion and who was to be National Commander, etc. Moreover, during these four years, there was hardly a week when I was not invited to appear before various conventions, political and otherwise, to make speeches about this and that.

During the campaign years, you were “on the stump” for the Republican Party nominees in the various states, particularly in the east where you were known.

I will digress at this point to discuss a local Delaware political situation which started in the year 1922. There was a Senator to be elected from the state of Delaware. With all due modesty, let me say that I was considered as a possible nominee for the Republican nomination for Senator that year in Delaware, largely because of my previous service in Congress and because of the fact that I had been very active in Republican party affairs.

However, as I have indicated, I was still very active in the American Legion affairs, and as such, incurred the dislike and enmity of a number of the so-called DuPont “organization” in Delaware because I espoused the American Legion legislative program which, frankly speaking, they did not approve of. So it was hinted to me that if I wanted to be the “white haired” boy and obtain the Republican nomination for Senator in 1922, I had better get off of some of my American Legion activities. This I refused to do.

I remember one incident in particular, General T. Coleman Dupont, whom I had nominated for the presidency at the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1916, and with whose family I was very intimate (his own daughter was one of my wife’s bridesmaids, and we were good social and political friends), invited me to have lunch one day at the Wilmington Club where we were all members—a restricted membership and rather snobbish, in my opinion. Included was his young son, Francis Victor DuPont who had not been in the armed services and who was considered rather cool towards any veterans or veterans’ matters. We were walking down Market Street at 11th

Street and Wilmington when Mrs. Lawrence Roberts, a “Gold Star Mother” stepped up and asked, “General, will you buy a poppy?” It was “Poppy Day,” so it must have been in November of that particular year, although I am not certain as to the date. I might add that Mrs. Lawrence Roberts’ son had been shot down on the Vesle in France in the same quadrille that Quentin Roosevelt was serving in and was shot down. She was one of the leading “Gold Star Mothers” of the state of Delaware and a very respected woman. Without so much as a glance, young DuPont said to her, “Go buy a poppy with your bonus money.” I remember stopping right in the midst of the street and saying, “That ends it now, General, it’s going to be war from now on.” Needless to say, I did not go to lunch with him. In Delaware nominations are made by both parties in convention, not in primaries as they are in Nevada. So when I had the nerve to enter the contest for delegates for the 1922 senatorial nomination, I was defeated by a narrow margin in the convention.

General T. Coleman DuPont was a Republican nominee and went on to be defeated by Thomas F. Bayard, a scion of the Bayard Democratic hierarchy in Delaware where it had existed since the days of the Revolution. That, however, did not end my political activities in Delaware by any means, because I was on the state and county committees and was very active in national affairs,

still having the confidence of the Administration in Washington.

Early in 1923, there was a demand that some consideration be given to improving and keeping in good shape, as well as erecting monuments to the American Expeditionary Force where American veterans of World War I were buried abroad. The Congress set up the American Battle Monuments

Commission which The American Legion was instrumental in putting before Congress. The President appointed on this commission General Pershing as chairman; United States Senator David Aiken Reed of Pennsylvania; Congressman John Phillip Hill of Baltimore, Maryland; Colonel Robert S. Woodside, then the assessor of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, and the National Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars; Colonel D. John Markey of Maryland, representing the National Guard; and myself, Thomas W. Miller as representing The American Legion.

There was also a "Gold Star Mother," Mrs. Rea of Pittsburg.

The death of President Harding in San Francisco on August 2, 1923, brought Vice President Calvin Coolidge in as President. He was sworn in as President by his own father, a justice of the peace, at about two o'clock the next morning by the light of a kerosene lamp at their little home near Plymouth, Vermont, while he was visiting his father at the family homestead near there.

As is customary in the change administration, most of the higher echelons, the cabinet officers and sub-cabinet officers, submitted their resignations to the incoming President. The Coolidge family gave Mrs. Harding ample time to pack her belongings and vacate the White House. I recall being summoned to the White House and asked by President Coolidge to loan his office several of my top stenographers to assist them in the turnover process.

I will now try to outline briefly the start of my relations with the Coolidge administration. I might say that Grace Goodhue Coolidge was a charming hostess at the White House. She exuded friendship and cordiality and social amities to everyone with whom she came in contact. Oftentimes when we would be over there for informal luncheons, I think I said

before, the President would say very little, and she would carry on the conversation. I cannot begin to outline the number of times that it was my privilege and pleasure to be a luncheon guest and of course official occasions were numerous. I came to know President Coolidge very well inasmuch as I had gotten to know him during the pre-convention campaign in 1920, when he was Governor of Massachusetts and I had occasion to be in Boston on political matters. Time and again, whenever I would come over to see him, I knew that he liked Partagas cigars.

In those days we did not have cellophane, but I always kept a box of Partagas in my humidor. So whenever I would be called to the White House officially or go there unofficially, and I knew I was going to see the Chief, I would take a couple of them along with me.

He enjoyed them immensely, but in return he would pull out the middle drawer in his desk where he kept pencils and pens and whatever paraphernalia and hand me a five cent "cinco" cigar, which after I bit the end of it off and blew it, there wouldn't be much left of it. This suggests one of his idiosyncrasies.

His secretary, after Ted Clark handled the initial start of his administration, was Bascom Slemple, a former Congressman from Virginia with whom I served before the War, and a man of great influence in the southern Republican circles. Bascom Slemple made a very fine secretary because he knew so many members of Congress and the Senate who had to deal with the White House.

Of course, when President Coolidge took over early in the morning of August 3, 1923, immediately the question was whether he was going to be a candidate for re-nomination in the 1924 convention which was coming on all too soon.

At that time, the progressive senator from California, Senator Hiram Johnson

who had made a fairly good showing in the Republican Convention of 1920, was out to get the Republican nomination for President.

He was very much embittered by the fact that had he accepted the offer to run as Vice president under Mr. Harding, which was made to him inferentially in 1920 in Chicago, he would then have been the President. He was out to get president Coolidge's hide if he could. Senator James Watson of Indiana, the Republican majority leader in the Senate, also had presidential aspirations. And because they knew that I had some influence and connections with veterans' organizations, both of them had been extremely nice to me, especially Hiram Johnson when I visited San Francisco.

This is probably a very immodest thing to say, but both Johnson and Watson indicated to me that if they received the Republican nomination for President they would be very glad to have me run as their running mate. This seems to me ridiculous, but nevertheless the offer was made to me by both of them.

It was not taken or considered seriously, because I was out to assist my chief, President Coolidge, to be re-nominated at the forthcoming Republican Convention, which was to be held in June, 1924, in Cleveland, Ohio. Therefore in my perambulations around the country, which included practically every state, particularly those of Republican political importance, I naturally had my eye out to help President Coolidge obtain delegates. He, of course, in his position as President, couldn't go out and "beat the hustings."

At about this time, the so-called Bonus Bill, the Adjusted Compensation Bill, was pending in Congress, and it was being very bitterly fought.

I was in a very anomalous position, because I was serving under President Coolidge in a sub-cabinet post, Alien Property Custodian.

And being so active in The American Legion ran counter to some of the wishes of the Administration. I remember asking the President before I took a trip over the country whether my American Legion activities, particularly in espousal of the so-called Bonus or Adjusted Compensation Bill, would interfere with me serving him, and he replied, "To the contrary, it would not."

I well remember returning from a trip when the Bonus Bill was up in the Senate; it had been passed by the House. The Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon had made a very bitter attack on the bill and had sent a message to the Senate Finance Committee headed by Reed Smoot of Utah, a Republican. The Minority Leader was my friend Burton P. Harrison of Mississippi. In the communications which Mr. Mellon sent to the Senate, I was informed by confidential sources within his own Treasury Department, that a billion one hundred million dollars had been added to the cost of the so-called Bonus Bill to make it look too expensive.

Our strategy was to hold a series of meetings all over the country in big cities. I was assigned to New York City the week before the Bonus Bill was to come up before the Senate for passage. I well remember sounding off at the Cooper Union in New York, at the Stuyvesant High School in New York, at other public places where I was speaking accusing the Treasury Department and Secretary Mellon falsifying the figures of the Bonus Bill.

Frankly speaking, when I returned to Washington the next morning all Hell had broken loose. My mother and my wife telephoned me from my home in Wilmington, Delaware, castigating me for opposing such a marvelous public servant as Secretary Andrew W. Mellon of the Treasury. And shortly thereafter, a letter arrived from the

Treasury Department signed by Mr. Mellon demanding that I retract the statement that I had made. In those days they didn't have carbon paper; they ran them off on a machine and I remember the letter was still wet. Confidentially I was asked to also to divulge the source of my information within the Treasury Department, which naturally I would not do.

All of the important people in The American Legion had taken part in this barrage. I remember my dear friend Colonel Theodore Roosevelt Jr., who was Assistant Secretary of the Navy (Secretary Danby had just been fired as Secretary of the Navy), called me up to remonstrate with me as a Republican for putting the Administration in such a poor light on this bill. I said, "Well, Ted, I see Danby had been fired, but you haven't been made Secretary of the Navy yet."

In the middle of the afternoon of this occurrence I received a call from the White House and my friend Bascom Slemp was on the telephone. He asked me if I wanted to see the President. I asked him, I said, "Is this an invitation or an order?" He said, "Take it any way you want, but I think you better be over here about four o'clock." So I went over there about four o'clock. I remember getting out of my car in front of the visitors' section of the White House. Stewart Godwin, who was head of the White House Reporters Association and an old friend of mine, held out a scrap basket to me and said, "I hope it isn't going to be too bloody, Tom," indicating that I was going to have my head chopped off.

I was duly ushered into the office of the President and offered him the two Partagas cigars. He commenced to talk in a very friendly manner, asking me the success of my trips and what I had to report. I handed him a list of over a hundred members of The American Legion who were duly elected

delegates to the forthcoming Republican National Convention in Cleveland in June 1924! I then presented to the President several orders to sign of a routine nature in the Alien Property Custodian matter.

Just then I noticed the Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes (who some of us very facetiously referred to as "Charles the Baptist") put his head in the door, which indicated to me that the Cabinet was meeting. I said to the President, "Sir, I see that the Cabinet is meeting, and we haven't discussed the matter that I thought we would discuss when I was asked to come over here by Bascom Slemp." "Well," he said, "Miller, as I see it, there is a difference of figures between my Secretary of the Treasury and my Alien Property Custodian. Thank you for all you've done for me," and shook hands, which terminated the interview.

As I went out the hall from the President's office, there stood three cabinet officers that I knew by first name, Jim Davis, Secretary of Labor; Harry S. New, Postmaster General; and the Honorable John W. Weeks, Secretary of War. Jim Davis had no use for Mr. Mellon, and we could see in the offing Mr. Mellon coming down the hall to enter the Cabinet room. Mr. Davis poked me in the ribs and said, "Hit him again, Tom." And John Weeks said, "I will give you my opinion if you will come over to my office some day." Of course, he was just joking. I went out of the hall into the press room; Stewart Godwin and other members of the White House staff were there and congratulated me for not having my head chopped off.

That was not the end of the matter, however, because even in those days they had powers of subpoena, and I was subpoenaed to come before the Senate Committee on Finance, headed, as I have said, by Reed Smoot of Utah. The

minority leader was Burton P. Harrison of Mississippi, who was a great personal friend of mine. I refused to divulge the source of my information. And in those days there was no taking of the Fifth Amendment or whatever it is that they take now, so I was not further importuned by the Senators to unload the information, and I have not done so to this day. But I incurred the undying enmity of Mr. Andrew Mellon, the Secretary of Treasury, which enter into some of my misfortunes later on.

In the 1922 elections, in the mid-term of the first Harding-Coolidge administration, the Republicans, as usual in the mid-term election, lost quite a few members of the House and Senate, although they still controlled it. With the coming of the 1924 election, with Coolidge as a candidate we were expecting, of course, to increase the Republican majority in both the House and the Senate. This was a very quiet campaign. Mr. Coolidge was a very modest man, and he did not go raring and tearing around the country making speeches, relying largely on the Republican National Committee and the Republican Senatorial and Congressional Committees to spark the campaign.

Naturally, being of a sub-cabinet status, I was called upon to make a number of speeches in support of the candidacy of Mr. Coolidge throughout the country. His candidate for vice president, General Charles G. Dawes, was rather a brusque character and did not take kindly to any meddling or suggestions on how he should handle his end of the campaign, so we had very little to do with him. He, however, added strength to the ticket as a conservative.

With the inauguration of President Coolidge as full-term president in March 4, 1925, shortly thereafter, I submitted my resignation to him as Alien Property Custodian.

The reason for this was that at a meeting in London, in September 1924, I had been elected the President of the Federation Interallie des Ancien Combattants known as the Interallied Veterans Legion. I was the first American or American Legionnaire to be elected to head this organization. This consisted of all the veterans organizations of the nations with which the United States was associated in World War I, such as Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Rumania, Serbia (now Yugoslavia) , Poland, Czechoslovakia, and other allies such as Portugal, Greece, and Japan which did not have veterans organizations. Upon my termination of office as Alien Property Custodian almost four years to a day on March 20, 1925, I received a fine letter of congratulations from President Coolidge in appreciation of the work done under him. During the years spent in the Paris headquarters of F.I.D.A.C., I had an opportunity to cover the entire map of Europe from the Balkans to England. I was received as an official guest of the government of England. The Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur of Connaught were our hosts. In France M. Herriott was then Premier of France. Paderewski, the great musician, was President of Poland. King Carol of Rumania sent his private car to Zagreb in Yugoslavia to convey us to Bucharest. He had just shed his queen, Helen of Greece, and taken up with his mistress, Madame Magda Lupescu, a raven-haired beauty. I remember a weekend party at the palace near Bucharest. Ploesti was the name of the country home. This was bombed heavily in World War II, due to the oil wells there.

After being the official guests of the Rumanian government in Bucharest, we were assigned to a Rumanian gunboat which took us down the Danube through the Iron Gates of Hungary to Belgrade, Serbia,

where we were received by King Peter. He was afterwards assassinated when visiting Marseilles, France. There I had the pleasure of being on maneuvers with the 16th Serbian Cavalry Regiment. We also visited President Benes in Prague before he was done away with by the Communists. In all of these official visits, we always laid a wreath at the resting place of the Unknown Soldier, known in France as the Soldat Inconnu, at the Arch de Triomphe in Paris. We also were received by the Belgian King Albert and Queen Elizabeth in Brussels, if my memory is correct.

During this year 1925, I was also designated by General Pershing as a resident member of the American Battle Monuments Commission in Europe. The year previous, 1924, we had been in Europe for two months visiting all of the battlefields where United States troops had been engaged and where there were American cemeteries which brought back the distressing price of war, for all members of the Commission had been engaged in action in all fronts we visited.

Arriving in Paris in the spring of 1925, the most beautiful time of the year in that great city, I was immediately brought in contact with the American population of that city; we referred to them as Francophiles. At that time, the Dawes program had gone into effect in an endeavor to settle the upset financial affairs of Europe, but there was still a vast debt of many billions of francs which the French government owed the United States; it still owes it to this day. (And I wonder why they do not remind DeGaulle of that fact in view of his present animosities toward the United States at this time, but that's another question.)

The premier of France, M. Herriott, was also mayor of Dijon where there was a big American base. Mr. Herriott could not speak very good English, so our conversation was carried on with an interpreter. I remember

the interpreter was a retired major in the American army in France and was one of the leading Francophiles. He thought more of pleasing France than he did of his own native country, I think. So they were discussing just how they were to get The American Legion behind a move for debt cancellation.

They did not realize that I could understand a little bit of French even though I could not speak it fluently.

So I heard this Francophile, Major Kipling, debating with Mr. Herriott, the premier of France, of what grade of the Legion of Honor may we give this new visitor from America if he would go along to recommend the cancellation of this French debt to the American nation. I caught just enough of it to be put wise to what was going on. Therefore, I did not fall for that project. Later on, when I was leaving Paris for America, this same man who had done the interpreting between Mr. Herriot and myself hissed in my ear that they were greatly embarrassed as I was the only American of prominence that had been returned without being given some grade of the Legion of Honor. Whereupon I told him that they could have my Croix de Guerre if they wanted to.

I cannot of course go over in detail the great reception given to us either as members of the American Battle Monuments Commission or in my position as head of the F.I.D.A.C. in every country that we visited in Europe. Americans were riding high at that time and were in great esteem, probably because we held the purse strings, to say nothing of other influences that we had, even though the League of Nations had gone down the drain.

Mr. Benes of Prague, who was afterwards deposed by the subversive elements there, was a fine gentleman.

I remember he put on a regimental review for us.

Up in Poland, Mr. Paderewski saw to it that we were given a state reception and a state party.

I remember being taken down onto the Volga River, which is the main river in Poland, and given the opportunity to watch the famous international boat races going on at Bydgoszcz.

I think I have covered the trip to the Balkans and other areas, with two exceptions.

The American Battle Monuments Commission were invited to be the guests of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth at Brussels.

In order to have protocol not violated in particular, we were briefed by the protocol officer—even General Pershing.

The protocol officer was Jimmy Dunn, then third secretary of embassy at Brussels, and later on to become one of our most famous ambassadors in the diplomatic service. We were given detailed instructions as to how we should address King Albert and Queen Elizabeth. We were specifically told not to say “King” or “Queen” to them, but “Your Majesties.”

I happened to be talking to the two young princes, (I forget their names, but it was one who was afterwards deposed at the opening of World War II) and the equerry came to me and said that Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth would see me now. As I was led over to Her Majesty’s presence, one member of the commission, Colonel D. John Markey, was still talking there and didn’t catch the hint to terminate the conversation and go with the equerry.

So he turns to the Queen and says, “Queen, may I introduce Colonel Miller.” Frankly speaking, that night later on my friend Markey took a scathing rebuke from General Pershing and was told how to behave thereafter!

While I’m on the subject of the F.I.D.A.C. and my term of service there, I will tell about

one more incident. Our convention was held in September 1925 to elect my successor, naturally in Rome. We were the guests of the then premier of Italy, Benito Mussolini. He was at the height of his power then, and a fine-looking straight, lean, soldierly man with a keen and penetrating pair of dark eyes. I might say that when our delegations were introduced to him, he paid scant attention to the male members because he always had an eye out for the ladies. And as such, my dear wife received quite a lot of attention from Premier Mussolini. I remember he presented me as head of the organization with the Medal of Rome which depicts Romulus and Remus sucking the pap of a wolf. (If you remember, Romulus and Remus were original settlers in Rome and were only saved by getting milk from this wild wolf it showed on the medal). Only the other day I discovered it among my possessions.

Naturally, being president of the F.I.D.A.C., it was my duty to open up the convention represented by all of these nations that I named before—delegations from those nations— and I spoke in English. It was duly translated in French and Italian. When it was Premier Mussolini’s turn to reply to my address, he addressed us in faultless English, even better than what I was able to give.

A few days later as we were leaving Italy, we were asked to stop off in Milan in northern Italy for a parade of all the various delegations and nations represented at the F.I.D.A.C. I remember receiving a very warm, personal telegram of congratulations from Premier Mussolini on having held the convention there, and inviting me back to Rome and Italy at any time in the future. I have never been able to take advantage of that invitation.

To show you what a sensitive man Mussolini was, I think it was two or three years later, the National Commander of

The American Legion, Paul V. McNutt, who later went on to be Governor of Indiana and then Governor General of the Philippine Islands, wanted to visit Italy in his capacity as Commander of The American Legion. I think this was in 1929 or 1930; Mussolini was still at the height of his power. Mr. Paul McNutt in Paris had made the remark that Mussolini was the "Lydia Pinkham of European politics," and he was promptly informed by the embassy, the Italian Embassy in France, that his visa for Italy would be cancelled.

I now come to a very personal and unfortunate experience in my career, if it may be so-called. While I was abroad in 1925, President Coolidge had dismissed Attorney General Daugherty from his cabinet as a result of an investigation into the operation of his office which had included, as I have said before, jurisdiction over the claims allowed by the office of the Alien Property Custodian. There was one such claim allowed for the American Metals Company, which claimed Swiss ownership and was thereby entitled to have returned several millions of dollars which had been impounded at the start of World War I as enemy property under the Trading with the Enemy Act.

I was indicted by the grand jury in New York early in 1926 together with Mr. Daugherty.

The first trial resulted in a hung jury in the fall of 1926.

The second trial in the spring of 1927 resulted in a hung jury by one for Mr. Daugherty and a conviction for me.

The charge was, "conspiracy to not give my best services to the United States Government."

The federal conspiracy statute is very broad and all-inclusive.

My attorney, former Judge Seabury of investigation fame in connection with the

former Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York City, advised me to appeal the conviction to the Circuit Court of Appeals of the Third District, as in his opinion there could not be a one-man conspiracy. Inasmuch as Mr. Daugherty had not been convicted of a similar charge of conspiracy, such a charge could not legally stand against me.

On the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in New York, one of the justices was Martin Manton.

To be brief, I was approached by an emissary from Justice Manton who indicated that for the sum of ten thousand dollars, an opinion would be written by Justice Manton quashing the conviction. This I refused to enter into.

In due course, my appeal was denied, and a scathing opinion written by Justice Manton sent me to Atlanta for one year, May, 1928 to May, 1929.

It might be mentioned here that Justice Manton was later convicted himself, in the very U.S. District Court where he presided, of selling justice.

He spent three years in the federal penitentiary at Middlebury, Pennsylvania (I think that was the place)

I will discuss several incidents in connection with the Atlanta penitentiary during the time that I was there. John W. Snook was the warden of the penitentiary.

He was the protege of the great Senator Borah from Idaho.

Borah was instrumental in having Mr. Snook appointed because of the record he had made in Idaho in penal institutions, and because there was a lot of talk about how things were being run at Atlanta.

Mabel Walker Willebrandt was one of the Assistant Attorneys General of the United States who had originally been appointed by Daugherty, but who was serving

under the Coolidge administration. One of her particular responsibilities was the administration of the penal institutions of the federal government. For some reason or other, she was out to get Warden Snook, and it did not take long for the situation to develop and to become general knowledge within the walls of the institution. This did not in any way enhance the prestige of the warden.

I had been appointed his clerk, so naturally I was loyal to him.

I recall one Sunday afternoon when I was on my post for duty in the warden's office, a special agent

(I forget his name for the moment) came in and showed me his credentials. He immediately began to call me Colonel so-and-so and indicate that if I wanted to do some "singing" (which is taletelling in slang language) that it would be to my advantage, and so forth and so on. Frankly speaking, I repudiated him right away, and perhaps was guilty of giving him a good cussing out, reminding him that he was breaking the rules of the institution in making such a proposition and furthermore addressing anyone in there by a military title. This did not deter him; he continued to plague me the rest of the afternoon until I was compelled to call the warden and have him come over there and throw the agent out and tell him how to behave.

It also developed at about this time from a rumor which was run down that someone in authority had committed two secret service agents to the penitentiary, under the guise of being violators of the Dyer Automobile Act. It took some time to identify them. Finally one was identified as a prisoner named Hansen, who was a special agent of the Department of Justice from the Seattle office and whom Mr. Snook recognized from a photograph taken some years before. Somehow or other, Mr.

Hansen came to a rather injurious end. On his way to breakfast one day, he fell down the stairs, broke a leg and was put in the hospital. Shortly after that, just to show you that there was some sort of connection between the inside of the institution and Mabel Walker Willebrandt in Washington, Mr. Snook received a telegram to release prisoner Hansen as soon as his injuries permitted. Whereupon Mr. Snook replied that Hansen was duly committed prisoner under the rules and regulations of the Department of Justice, and he would not release him until his time was up. A few weeks later an order came through from Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt transferring Hansen to Leavenworth where, we learned later, he was released in violation of all law.

But that shows you how people will stoop to get something on somebody.

As a result of this undermining of the warden, an incipient prison break started one afternoon.

As I recall it, no reports had come back from the Captain's desk.

When it was my duty to go down the hall and find out what was the matter, I found five long term prisoners waiting at the gate there, all armed with snubnosed revolvers. One of them was Roy Gardner, the famous mail robber.

He swam the strait of Puget Sound on an escape once from McNeil Island and was sent to Atlanta as a security case.

I had been playing tennis with him only an hour before, and I was surprised to find him there. He immediately ordered me to go to the guard, Captain Davis, who was there in the hall, and get the key and let them out. When I refused to do it, he asked me whether I wanted to get a bullet through the eighth or ninth ribs. As I walked down the hall to alert the warden at his residence on the situation,

I was wondering just which rib it would be, but for some reason or other he did not fire..

Mr. Snook, the warden, came to the hall of the institution. Some over-enthusiastic guards had mounted machine guns, and were on the point of trying to use them on these prisoners when I told Mr. Snook if he would order them to put the machine guns up I thought it would be a good psychological move. He then gave me the key, and told me to unlock the main gate and to come into the cell block of the institution with him, which I did, throwing the key back through the bars so they would not have it.

He escorted the five men with the revolvers to solitary and that was all there was to that.

But when it got out, Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt again started a move to get rid of Mr. Snook.

In the midst of this so-called investigation with these secret agents being planted in the institution and other secret agents openly encouraging tales to be told by the prisoners, it was uncertain as to just what would happen.

But by a good streak of fate, one of the prison stenographers that they were using to take a lot of this biased testimony had enough sense to insert an extra carbon in the typewriter. So every night after the hearings, Mr. Snook and the front office were able to see what kind of tales, lies or otherwise, were being told on them.

The upshot of the matter was that a committee of five Congressmen, all of whom I had served in Congress with some years before, came down there to investigate the situation. I don't know why it was, but I was the first witness they called. And when I recited to them some of the stories that I have told you as to how secret agents were planted and how other open agents were running around trying to stir up animosity and insurrection against the

penal authorities in the institution, they didn't take long to order the whole kit and boodle of them out. And Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt was told to administer her part of the penal service of the Department of Justice without prejudice.

I mentioned the five Congressmen who were sent there to investigate, all of whom I knew. They called me Tom, and they would say, "Come on Tom, we're going down town to have a good dinner at the hotel, after which we will have you as one of our chief witnesses." I declined the invitation on the grounds that I did not care to leave the institution until I could do so legally.

Meanwhile, as the warden's clerk, I instituted several reforms such as not sending telegrams back to prisoners behind the bars that their mother or sister or wife had died, but taking it back and breaking the news to them gently. Also we broke up the practice of cheap prison guards grafting on the prisoners or their families for interviews, etc., etc.

Another incident involved as unsavory a character as it has ever been my experience to know anything about. I refer to Gaston B. Means. His name constantly cropped up in the scuttlebutt of Washington gossip mongering. During the 1920's, when Harry M. Daugherty took over as Attorney General at the start of the Harding administration in March 1921, the position as head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation was given to William J. Burns of the nationwide William J. Burns Detective Agency. He was duly confirmed by the United States Senate.

I well remember being in the Department of Justice—maybe it was the Attorney General's office or it might have been in the Attorney General's personal suite at the hotel where he lived—one night shortly afterwards, and a young, fine looking young man came in and was introduced as J. Edgar Hoover.

He was duly appointed that same night as assistant F.B.I.

Director, hence started a great career which is continuing to this day.

William J. Burns had a great reputation for detective work. His agencies over the country were universally successful in carrying out the sinister jobs given to them to perform, either for the protection of somebody or to find out about somebody. I can't to this day say whether he was an admirable selection for head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, but I can say that in all my relations with Bill Burns during the time I was in Washington, I never knew him to do anything dishonest or crooked.

He carried out his duties, and when he finally gave them up, I think during the Coolidge administration, he was succeeded by his very able subordinate, J. Edgar Hoover.

Gaston B. Means, at the start of Burns' being head of the F.B.I., was employed in some capacity as a secret agent. Not many people knew it, and I didn't know it until later on; he had been tried for some murder down in North Carolina and he had escaped conviction some way or the other.

But if anybody could conjure up chimerical schemes and chimerical plans and ideas, it was this fellow Means. I did not have any direct connection with him, although being closely connected with the Department of Justice, as I previously said in the operation of the Alien Property Custodian office, there were times when some reason or the other, he seemed to be assigned to my office for this job or that job.

And each time, I wondered how a man could conjure up so many of the ideas that seemed to come from his brain.

No plot or no dastardly plan was any more receptive than in Means' mind. I remember that he came to me with some story about the Bergdall millions.

(Right there I might say that Grover Cleveland Bergdall was one of our greatest "slackers" of World War I. He had escaped the draft board in Philadelphia and escaped to Germany where he sat it out during the war, and he had escaped from the federal agents before he got away to Germany.) Means came along with some chimerical report that he could lead anybody to the scene in the Blue Ridge Mountains near Harpers Ferry and discover where Bergdall had buried all of his millions before he escaped to Germany by way of Canada.

The scheme seemed fanciful enough, but in order not to be accused of failing to run down the source of the Bergdall property, I remember assigning some of my staff to go with Means to that area in the Blue Ridge Mountains. It of course resulted in finding nothing.

Means had Democratic Senator Burton K. Wheeler very much fooled. Wheeler was the chairman of a sub-committee of the United States Senate investigating Mr. Daugherty, and Means would go to him with all manner and kinds of various stories, which for a while the Senators took at their face value. When they ran down the clues and found there would be nothing to substantiate it, they soon got rid of him as one of their main sleuths and also as a witness.

Means became such a notorious character that he was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury in the District of Columbia, but for the life of me, I cannot remember what the charge was. I don't know whether it was taking money under false pretenses to try to buy justice or what. But to cut a long story short, he was sentenced to Atlanta for a term of years somewhere around 1925. I forget the exact term of the sentence, but I do remember very distinctly the first night that I was in that institution.

I had made my bed and was about to go to sleep on the place reserved for people because there wasn't enough space there to put everybody behind bars. One of the people came to me and said that Means wanted to see me at the gate. I told him to tell Mr. Means to go sell his papers; that I didn't care to have anything to do with him. That was at about nine o'clock at night.

It happened that one of the guards in that particular area of the institution where I had spent my first few days had been a sergeant of mine in France in one of our regiments. He came down to me the next morning and shook my hand and said, "It is all over the institution that you gave Means the go-by last night." He said, "That's the best thing that could happen to you here, because Means had been bragging all around what a great friend and pal he was of yours." I also was told by the warden and the assistant warden that they had heard the way I rebuked Mr. Means and they thought it was a very salutary lesson to him, because he was all the time bragging about the people he knew and what influence he had.

After Means got out of there, he tried to establish telephone contact with me over the long distance telephone, knowing that I ran the telephone exchange coming into the institution. I consistently refused to have any conversation with him and told the operator not to honor any of his calls.

Some years later, after the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby, it may be recalled that Means went to Evalyn Walsh McLean, the widow of Ned McLean who published the Washington Post. McLean was quite a confidant and friend of Mr. Daugherty when he was Attorney General.

He fooled Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean into giving him a hundred thousand dollars, claiming that he could crack the Lindbergh kidnapping case and get back the poor baby

who was lying then dead in New Jersey. So he was indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses, and again was sentenced to Atlanta for a term of years where he died. What became of his corpse, I do not know, but it ended the career of lying and blackmail second to none in this country.

He also is notorious for having either instigated or had a book published about Nan Britton, who was supposed to be one of President Harding's mistresses and bore him an illegitimate daughter. That shows you the length to which a man will stoop in order to either become vindictive or to cram temporary unsavory notoriety to himself.

When I returned in May 1929, I took up my line of livelihood. This included mining interests in Nevada and the operation of a ranch in Denio on the Nevada-Oregon border with Jim Scrugham, which Scrugham and I owned in part with Mr. Dolph Dressler of the prominent ranching family in Douglas County. I had other interests in the east which gave me plenty to do.

At no time was I aware of any aspersions being cast in my direction or rocks thrown my way by reason of my year's sojourn in Atlanta, either in Delaware or Nevada, where I was for many months each year until I moved there in December 1933. At no time was my membership in any of the social clubs to which I belonged canceled or disturbed. I was initiated into the Blue Lodge of the Masonic fraternity in Wilmington, Delaware in 1921, also into the Consistory and the Lulu Temple of the Shrine in Philadelphia. There was no interruption of my membership in my Masonic connections at any time, which indicates confidence in my integrity. That goes for all three of my Masonic affiliations in Nevada which I established by demit in 1934, when I came to Nevada as a permanent resident. I was also elected Department

Commander of The American Legion in Delaware in 1932, and took my place on a number of important national committees of the Legion by appointment of the National Commanders. This may be classed as an alibi, but it stands on its merits.

My record was cleared up when President Herbert Hoover granted me a full and unconditional pardon in 1933. Had it not been for this official expression of confidence in my integrity, I would not have been able to participate in the many public and civic activities since I moved to Nevada in December 1933.

In 1937 ex-president Hoover visited Nevada and inspected some mining claims which then Congressman Jim Scrugham and I owned in the Awakening Mining District in Humboldt County out of Winnemucca. After we took him over the property and were enjoying a noon campsite meal, I said to President Hoover, "I want to thank you for the expression of confidence you showed towards me a few years ago," meaning the pardon. He replied, "Miller, you deserved it." On his 90th birthday in 1964, I wired him congratulations and again thanked him and received a reply from him. One week before he died, I was able to visit West Branch, Iowa where his remains are now resting.

I will take the opportunity to elaborate further on a number of public figures and characters. I will start with one that I haven't before mentioned, namely Felix Frankfurter. When I first met him in 1910, I was secretary to a member of Congress in Washington and he was the head legal officer of the Bureau of Insular Affairs under the Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson. He had known Mr. Frankfurter in New York when he first qualified for the law.

As Justice Frankfurter's history is well known, I won't go into too much of the detail;

suffice it to say that he came here as a small boy when his Jewish parents immigrated from Austria to the United States. He is one of the greatest examples of how this great country of ours can take a crude, raw immigrant and make him into what Justice Frankfurter finally developed into.

I saw much of Felix during my stay in Washington and watched his progress. Of course, when I was away for practically two years of World War I, I did not keep in touch with him. When I was ordered into Paris as more or less of an observer at the Peace Conference there, I saw Felix Frankfurter there endeavoring to further the Zionist movement and bring about recognition of what was afterwards the nation known as Israel. If my memory serves me correct, he did not succeed at that time because of the Arab influence, which of course is prevalent today as between Israel and the Arab nations in the Middle East.

After he came home from the Peace Conference in Paris in the 1920's, Frankfurter was appointed head of the law department of Harvard University, and immediately started in to make a great record as the chancellor of one of the great law schools of the country. He was the one that instituted the practice of having the top graduate of the Harvard Law School (who was usually the editor of the Harvard Law Review) come to Washington as secretary to Supreme Court justices, particularly as secretaries to Oliver Wendell Holmes, a great jurist on the Supreme Court. It was my privilege to know a great number of these like Francis Biddle, afterwards Attorney General of the United States; Leland Duer, afterwards a prominent member of the Bar in the city of New York; Irving S. Olds, who was one of the ushers at my wedding, and went on from being secretary to Oliver Wendell Holmes to be a member of the firm White

and Case of New York (U.S. Steel Corporation lawyers). Mr. Olds, who only passed away a few years ago, was Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation for many years and afterwards retired as Chairman emeritus. I might add a sinister statement here that Alger Hiss was also one of the young Harvard law graduates sent to Washington to serve under Oliver Wendell Holmes; but enough said in that regard.

It was a well known fact that when the Roosevelt administration came in, in 1933, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the President, had great regard and faith in Felix Frankfurter (who was then head of the law department at Harvard University) for recommending young attorneys to go to work, not only for Supreme Court justices but to recruit forces in the Department of Justice. There were so many of them there on duty at one time, in the various New Deal agencies in the '30's in Washington, that they were all called Frankfurter's "hot dogs". This is not said in any derogatory sense at all, but it was just a joke going around Washington.

In 1936, before Mr. Roosevelt started to pack the Supreme Court—for which he was roundly defeated in 1937 in the Senate—Justice Brandeis had died, and he asked Justice Frankfurter to come to Washington and be an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. I might go back, as long as I mentioned Justice Brandeis, to say that when I was a young Congressman in 1916, Felix Frankfurter asked me to do all that I could to assist in bringing about the confirmation of Justice Brandeis, who was being opposed at that time by some of the "stand-pat Republicans." He was eventually confirmed with the Senate and had a marvelous record on the United States Supreme Court.

I have a file that I recently looked over in which I renewed my memory of a number of

very cryptic and interesting letters received from Felix Frankfurter. He had a wit and a keen mind such as few people are endowed with, and I am happy to have been a friend and confidant of his up until the time he died. Whenever I went to Washington, I usually called at his home on Dumbarton Place in Georgetown. In fact, when I was managing the operation of The American Legion convention in Las Vegas in 1962, I was instrumental in having a resolution passed commending Justice Frankfurter for some of the decisions that he had made on the bench in which veterans of The American Legion were interested.

Chronologically, the next person I wish to elaborate on was young Theodore Roosevelt Jr. whom I had known slightly at Harvard. Then when World War I was in the offing, General Leonard Wood had instituted the Military Training Camps program, and as a forerunner had asked about five or six hundred young businessmen from all over the country to come to the Plattsburg barracks in New York, and submit to from three to four to five months of military training in order to demonstrate that officer material could be made this quickly in the event of war. Young Ted and I found ourselves in the same tent. Others in the tent were John P. Mitchell then mayor of New York; Robert L. Bacon, then ad interim Secretary of State; and his son Robert L. Bacon Jr., afterwards a Congressman from Long Island, New York.

The Lusitania had been sunk a few months earlier (in June) and the American people were very much aroused. I well remember that when we were at Plattsburg that summer, the Arabic, another White Star liner, was sunk off the coast of Ireland with consequent loss of life.

This, in spite of the fact that Congress was anxious to warn American nationals off traveling on ships of the belligerent powers.

And this was the time that ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, in addressing the Plattsburg regiment one night, excoriated the policies of the Wilson administration and particularly Secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison. It resulted in less than twentyfour hours of General Leonard Wood being removed as Commanding general of the Department of the East, and a prejudice which I have related here before on the part of President Wilson which would not permit Wood to take his 89th Division to France.

Young Ted went through the same courses as the rest of us. He was interested in a publishing house in New York City, which was his active business. He had married a very charming girl, Grace Alexander from San Francisco, whose family had a large and lucrative carpet manufacturing concern. She was a very gracious lady and graced his household as long as he lived.

When war broke out in April 1917, Ted had already won his commission in the infantry (I forget just what his rank was, it might have been major). In spite of the fact that his father was kept home and not permitted to serve abroad. Ted went over with the American First Division, which as the "Big Red One" is famous in American combat history. He went through some of the most bitter engagements of World War I along the Maine, along the Vesle, and the San Mihiel offensive which was a prelude to the Meuse-Argonne offensive which terminated the war later on. He was wounded several times, but each time returned to his outfit on one of the infantry regiments of the First Division, and when the Armistice came on November 11, 1918, he was either Lieutenant Colonel or Colonel in command in one of the infantry regiments of the First Division, in which he had started out in a much lower military grade.

It was during the winter of 1918, to 1919 when Ted Roosevelt and others were called to Paris for the Morale Conference. There were some thirty combat divisions of the American Expeditionary Force in Germany in the Army of Occupation along the Rhine and in the various holding sectors, having nothing to do. Things began to get a little bit out of hand. It is no secret that the venereal rate went so high that leaves were canceled in many of the American divisions, and the soldiers were made to remain in their billeted areas until that situation was changed.

So a meeting was held in Paris early in February 1919, in which Ted Roosevelt was one of the leading spirits.

Out of it came the idea of calling another conference March 15, 16, 17, 1919. He had been furloughed to the States in order to contact the veterans in the United States and arrange for them to be present at a joint meeting in St. Louis in May 1919 out of which came the final formation of The American Legion.

I have told the circumstances connected with how I became the presiding officer pro tempore of this caucus on March 17, 1919, so I will not reiterate. Suffice to say that some of the people who did not look with favor on Bennett Clark and myself wired Ted Roosevelt that a man named Miller had taken over the caucus, a man named Miller from Delaware. Ted wired back, "If it's Tom Miller from Delaware, let him handle it." Later on that year when I was being returned with my outfit on a troop ship sailing into New York harbor, the pilot came over the ladder and had a telegram addressed to me. It was from Ted Roosevelt asking me to associate myself immediately with those who were trying to get the Legion underway from their headquarters in New York City.

I have gone into that detail, so I will not repeat it.

Later on, as I have said, Ted Roosevelt was very active in the movement to nominate General Wood.

His father died in December 1919, right in the midst of some of the things I am telling you about. He was a great help to us; the name alone was useful in trying to get delegates for General Wood. Later on, in Washington, as I have already said, he and I were the two leading veteran appointees of the Harding administration. We saw much of each other, rooming together when our families were away for the summer.

I'll never forget one night that I was up at Ted's home in Washington when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

An artist had just finished painting Ted and his wife and their three or four children, Ted in his uniform looking every inch a soldier, and his wife, Grace, looking every inch a lady. And I remember Ted saying to the assembled guests when we walked into the dining room, "I wonder what the young Roosevelt children will look like in the next generation?"

He was anything but conceited.

I remember when his cousin Franklin D. Roosevelt was campaigning under Cox for vice president, Young Ted was asked his opinion of the ticket, and he said, "Well, that's a maverick Roosevelt." As it turned out later, some twelve years later, it was the maverick who became the President of the United States! There was never any love lost between Ted Jr., and his cousins the Franklin D. Roosevelts or any of their children. They were, of course, very distant cousins. I might say that young Ted Roosevelt, the son of a former President of the United States, and himself a great war hero, conducted himself in a far more exemplary fashion than the sons of the President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, but I have nothing to say on that score because I don't know any of them.

When World War II started, again Theodore Roosevelt Jr., was the first to be called into active service,

again with the "Big Red" First Division.

He participated in the Normandy Beach landings, the Omaha Beach landings, and had been promoted to deputy commander of the 44th Infantry Division with the rank of Brigadier General.

He expired from a heart attack in the height of the early engagements which eventually freed Europe from the Hitler grasp.

He is buried in Flanders near the point where his division landed and where he paid the supreme sacrifice.

His dear wife Grace lived for about fifteen years after he passed away. She was a member of the American Battle Monuments Commission by appointment of President Eisenhower. I do not know what has become of all of his children, but I am sure they are progressing in view of the great heritage he left them.

I am going to elaborate also on a gentleman named James W. Wadsworth Jr. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1914 from New York at the same time I was elected to Congress in Delaware. He made a great record in the New York legislature as a speaker, and he came from a long line of distinguished military and public servants.

His grandfather had been in command of a Union brigade at the battle of Shiloh and later on went to Congress.

His own father who was named James W. Wadsworth, also was for many years a Congressman from New York and Washington.

He graduated from Yale in 1901, after having served a trick in the Yale battery in the Spanish-American War of 1898.

He was captain and first baseman of one of the winning Yale baseball teams. He was tall,

erect, six feet or more, with a fine carriage. He married the daughter of John Hay who was secretary to President Lincoln before his assassination.

He was at the time of the marriage Secretary of State in the McKinley cabinet.

Therefore, with that background Senator Wadsworth was a great help and assistance and a great supporter of the preparedness movement growing out of the Plattsburg camps. He was assigned to service on the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate, and both Yale men, we met at a number of Yale gatherings. Naturally, after war started and I was in training camps in this country and overseas, I lost contact, direct contact, with all of my Congressional friends while abroad.

But after the Armistice, a telegram came from the Secretary of War in Washington asking that Lieutenant Colonel Thomas W. Miller of the 79th Division be assigned to Senator James W. Wadsworth's subcommittee on Military Affairs of the United States Senate which was in France investigating what went on in the war. So I was able to renew my contact with him there and was privileged to guide the committee around a number of the battle fields in Europe.

Afterwards, when we were in the 1920 campaign to nominate General Leonard E. Wood for the presidency, my dear friend Senator Wadsworth was of the Senate cabal that was bitterly opposed to General Wood's nomination, although that made absolutely no difference in our social and political friendship.

During this period, 1919, 1920, 1921, in our efforts to support American Legion legislative programs, I was invited a number of times by Senator Wadsworth to appear officially before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs to present The American Legion's national security and preparedness

ideas. I was also at a number of informal gatherings at his home in Washington which was at 16th and H Streets, known as the "Hay-Adams house," because in previous years it had been the location of the home of the former President Adams and was also the home of Wadsworth's distinguished father-in-law, Secretary of State John Hay.

All during the four years that I served in Washington as Alien Property Custodian, Jim Wadsworth and I saw each other often, officially and socially.

He was never a supporter of the Volstead Act or the amendments which barred the sale of liquor and manufacture of liquor in this country. Likewise, he was never a supporter of women's suffrage.

So in 1926 when the Republican chances were at a pretty low ebb, he was defeated for his third term in the United States Senate by Senator Charles Copeland of New York, a minor official in the Tammany organization of that city; I believe it was in the health department.

This did not discourage Jim Wadsworth.

He went back to his farms in the Genesee Valley of northern New York and started to become the gentleman farmer that he had been in his earlier days. Don't get the idea that this was being run at a loss because he was a keen enough businessman to run a successful farm on the family estates in northern New York.

Had not Senator Wadsworth suffered the defeat in 1926, it is my humble opinion that he might have been a very formidable candidate for the nomination of the presidency of the United States at the 1928 convention which eventually nominated Herbert Hoover to be its standard bearer.

He was a great friend of Governor Alfred E. Smith's of New York, and in spite of the fact that they were of different political

parties, they were great friends, socially and otherwise. There was one thing that they united on; that was that both Smith and Wadsworth were opposed to the Volstead Act and Prohibition. Senator Wadsworth, of course, being a loyal Republican, supported the election of President Hoover in 1928. And when the Hoover administration came in in March of 1929, Senator Wadsworth was offered a Cabinet position under President Hoover. But he declined, as he to all intents and purposes had expected to be out of politics for the rest of his life and enjoy his retiring years on his farms in the Genesee Valley of northern New York.

But this was not to be the case.

In 1932, when the Republicans were looking around for a nominee to run for the seat which his grandfather and his father before him had occupied in Congress, they turned to young Jim, as he was called, to be the candidate for Congress. And he was overwhelmingly elected.

It is seldom that a Senator ever goes back and becomes a congressional candidate.

Of course, since they were both distinguished members of New York's highly social families, Jim Wadsworth was no stranger to the incoming President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And as the Roosevelt administration progressed in later years, it was to James W. Wadsworth Jr., a Congressman, that President Roosevelt had to turn to put through his preparedness legislation in the lower house.

When it was evident by the action in Japan that they were going to break the Kellogg-Briand treaty to which I previously referred and to which they were signators, and when Hitler was trampling the smaller nations of Europe underfoot, and Mussolini was rattling the saber and going into Ethiopia to take over that country, it was very evident that we better

begin preparing for war. When Franklin Delano Roosevelt made the deal with Great Britain to let that nation have fifty of our old four-stack destroyers as evidence of good faith to them, it was Jim Wadsworth that had to be responsible for putting the measure through the lower House, because the President's own party, many of whom were isolationists, would not go along with him. Then in 1940 when President Roosevelt wanted to reactivate—or I should say re-enact—the Selective Service Law which was then expiring, who did he turn to in Congress? James W. Wadsworth put the bill through, and it only passed by a vote of two hundred one to two hundred, which shows how unmindful Congress was at that time within a year almost of a war coming upon us.

During World War II, Jim Wadsworth was continually on call by the President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt. Even when the Truman administration came in, he was considered a great asset on a non-partisan basis when it came to enlisting his support to go to bat for any cause of the good of the country, especially in its security problems.

Wadsworth naturally supported the "little boy on the wedding cake," Thomas E. Dewey, when he was nominated in 1944 and 1948 for the presidency. But from what I knew about Jim at that time, I don't think he was very enthusiastic about the candidacy of young Dewey. I don't want to appear to be sarcastic in referring to Tom Dewey in that manner, because he did the best he could. In 1952, when I was in Albuquerque, New Mexico, making a speech before The American Legion Convention, it was with great sadness that I learned that Jim Wadsworth had passed away.

Another one of my intimate friends and public figures that I touched on briefly here before is the Honorable Royal C. Johnson of South Dakota. Royal and myself entered

Congress on the same day as a result of the 1914 election. At that time, deny it or not, war was in the offing and everybody realized it. Royal came from a district predominantly Scandinavian in South Dakota which was isolationist and, if anything, a few pro-Germans. He and I were very good friends from the start. Our children (we had two sons—a son apiece at that time) were in their baby carriages. They used to meet in DuPont Circle when their nurses would wheel them up there for the sunshine.

Royal was also one of the group of about ten or a dozen young Republicans that I could count on to revolt once in while against the House leadership, and go over and help Speaker Champ Clark put over some of his legislation. This didn't make us any too popular with some of the "stand-pat" Republican members, but nevertheless, it was the condition that existed. I think I referred to the fact that when Royal Johnson voted against war, he was one of fifty-two congressmen who voted against war in the House of Representatives on April 7, 1917. I was away at a training camp at that time and was not in touch with him.

Later on when he came down to see me at Camp Mead, Maryland, where I was stationed, he remarked, as I think I have said before, that he could not continue to be an active member of Congress voting appropriations for engines of war to go off and kill other women's sons, so he did not resign from Congress as he did not have to. He went to the training camp at Camp Mills, Virginia, duly commissioned as a second lieutenant. I arranged to have him assigned to one of the regiments of my division.

When the war was over, and we came back and became interested in The American Legion, he was one of the leaders in South Dakota that helped us form the organization.

He, however, was not for General Wood's candidacy. He was for Hiram Johnson, although he did not do very much.

At that time there was a demand in the Congress that was elected in 1920 for a Veterans Committee to be created in the House of Representatives in order to take care of the hundreds of measures affecting veterans of World War I. Royal was also instrumental in putting through, and the author of the bill in Congress which chartered The American Legion. So when the House of Representatives amended their rules and created a House Veterans Affairs Committee, the most natural person to be chairman of it was Royal C. Johnson. He remained as chairman of that committee until 1932, when the Democrats took over the House of Representatives. Then he naturally became the ranking Republican minority member. He was responsible for putting through, for ten years or more, all of our beneficial rehabilitation, national defense, Americanism, and child welfare legislation of The American Legion as chairman of that committee.

In 1933, I received a call from Royal asking if my son, Thomas Lloyd Miller, then a student at the Choate School in Wallingford, Connecticut, would be interested in receiving an appointment to the United States Naval Academy. Upon checking with my son and finding out that he would be, Royal appointed him to the United States Naval Academy, and he entered with the class of 1933. His grades were so good at Choate School that he only had to take a couple of examinations for admission. Therefore, my son started his naval career in June 26, 1933, which happened to be my 47th birthday. I recall driving him from Wilmington, Delaware, to Annapolis and turning him over to the Navy at the gates of the Academy that day by reason of Mr. Johnson's appointment. I might also add

that Royal Johnson's two sons had been Naval Academy appointees also, but not by him, by other Congressmen. One of them flunked out unfortunately, because of an indiscretion at the Army and Navy game at Philadelphia; he was found with a little bottle of "hooch" on him, and that meant that he had to leave the Naval Academy. The other one, however, Harlan Thode Johnson graduated with honors in the class of 1933 and went on to have a very fine record. He was an aviator on the carrier Yorktown which was the first victim of a Japanese sub. He was captured in the very early months of war and spent five years in a Japanese prison camp in northern Japan. After that, he came out and served creditably in the United States Navy and was retired as a Rear Admiral a few years ago.

After having been elected to eleven terms in Congress, Royal decided to retire voluntarily and live in Washington, where he established a law office. Unfortunately, he was crossing Sixteenth Street and L in Washington, D.C., one evening after having been my guest at the Racquet Club (a half a block up the street right alongside of the present Russian Embassy) when an automobile ran him down. He died from the effects of the injuries received at that time. A great character he was.

I might add that Mrs. Johnson, Florence, is still living in Washington, and I have the pleasure of seeing her every time I go back there which is several times a year. Her son Harlan, the Naval Academy graduate, is living in Florida near Sarasota, and I hear from him often.

NEVADA AND POLITICS AND POLITICIANS 1921-1965

In 1921, it was my opportunity to visit Nevada for the first time in thirteen years. I have either visited or been within the state every year since then, as well as a bonafide resident since 1933. James Scrugham and L. A. Friedman of Lovelock, Pershing County, were hosts upon my visit in the fall of 1921.

Mr. Friedman was a very prominent member of the Nevada State Senate, and was instrumental in separating Humboldt County into what was known as Pershing County, from which district he was elected the first State Senator. He was a prominent and wealthy mine operator in the state of Nevada.

He was also quite a huntsman. I well recall that he took my party, including Mrs. Miller, for a deer hunt at the north extremity of Winnemucca Lake. Winnemucca Lake had not been cut off from Pyramid Lake at that time, and believe it or not there was good fishing there as late as the fall of 1921. We camped on the east slope of Limbo Mountain, which is on the boundary line between Pershing and Washoe Counties, and had a

very successful hunt. I well recall Mrs. Miller bagged the first, with a fine set of horns.

Senator Friedman not only owned what is now the splendid ranch just out of Lovelock on Route 40 to the west of the town of Lovelock, but he was interested in mining in the adjacent districts. The Nightingale district, for instance, then was booming in the Humboldt and Pershing counties, and he was financing that operation. He also built the mill at Toulon which is situated about fifteen miles west of Lovelock. It has since gone into disuse, and I do not think it is operating now. Senator Friedman was a very devout member of the Catholic Church, and when he passed away a few years later, he left the bulk of his fortune to the church.

In 1922 at the close of Governor Boyle's second administration, Jim Scrugham was nominated by the Democratic Party for the governor of Nevada, and was overwhelmingly elected in the 1922 campaign. During the four years of his administration, I was his guest and associate in Nevada in many affairs other than his local politics. I recall in the spring of

1923, we had the distinction of driving from Reno to Las Vegas in two and a half days, spending the second night at Indian Springs in Clark County, where Tim Hornaday had a small service station and fruit ranch. John MacFarland owned the ranch just a few hundred yards off from Indian Springs at the foot of the mountains there. This was the only oasis on the whole route that we were able to enjoy and relax in. I remember at that time the road did not follow the present highway route (which, as I previously said, was a portion of the old Las Vegas-Tonopah route) but went around by the shifting sands of the Amargosa on the east slope of the Funeral Range and circled around Zabriskie Wells. When the rails were torn up, and the major portion of the railroad right-of-way used for the highway, of course the route through that part of the Amargosa Desert was abandoned.

Zabriskie Wells strikes a thought in my mind. Many years ago, possibly when Nevada was still a territory, and during its early days as a state of the union, this area was a hangout for a group of highwaymen that were beyond the pale of the law and engaged in robbing the emigrant trains and travelers through that section of Nevada on their way to California. If my memory serve me correctly, it was through this portion of the Amargosa Desert that the Mormon Battalion moved, and several of the wagon trains that suffered death or trouble at their hands in Death Valley had to go through this route.

I'm also reminded of the fact that Judge Ralston, after whom the Ralston Desert is named (this is in Nye County out of Belmont and in the Reveille and Silver Bow areas), was accosted by some renegade Indians when he was riding circuit. He would have been released, probably, to continue on his judicial travels had not the Indians become very suspicious of the large watch he was

carrying and which was ticking so loudly that they thought it was an instrument of the devil. So they, rumor has it (and I think I can quite substantiate it) did away with Judge Ralston at that time. And hence the name of the Ralston Desert.

It was during Governor Scrugham's administration that he became the first chief executive of Nevada to visualize the possibility of Nevada becoming a mecca for tourists. The economy of the state was threatened by the decline of the mining industry and the struggle the ranchers, farmers, and cattlemen were having to make a living was great. Governor Scrugham, with the assistance of the Museum of the Southwest at Pasadena under one of their curators, M. R. Harrington, as well as Fay and John Perkins, old-time residents of Moapa Valley, opened up the Lost City area near the then-thriving little community of St. Thomas, Nevada, which rested at the confluence of the Virgin and Muddy Rivers. The construction of what was to be known as Boulder Dam (and afterwards Hoover Dam) was then on the drawing boards. It was realized that when this dam was finally built, the Lost City area and a portion of Moapa Valley and Virgin Valley would be inundated by the rising waters of what was afterwards Lake Mead. So it was vitally necessary to rescue and unearth the archeological remains of a race long extinct, before the waters of the Virgin and Colorado Rivers backed up behind the proposed dam.

Governor Scrugham also had designated as state park areas the Valley of Fire in Clark County which was contiguous to the Virgin River and the Cathedral Gorge in Lincoln County, as well as the Beaver Darn Wash, which is about forty-five miles east of Caliente on the Utah-Nevada line, and one of the finest wilderness areas in the southwest. It is now part of the present Nevada state park system.

Shortly after Scrugham's defeat as governor and just about the time he took over the publishing of the Nevada State Journal, we arranged to buy the Alder Creek Ranch, which is some one hundred and twenty-five miles on present Route 8-A north from the Humboldt, and just down the valley a few miles from the town of Denio. We were associated with Dolph Dressler, a half brother of the famous and active ranching family of Dressler now living in Douglas County. He was our operating partner. We conducted ranch operations from 1926 until 1931, when we were forced by depression to liquidate our holdings and give up the ranch. Jim Scrugham and I managed to hold onto our joint mining adventures which over the years have been successful. Since then, the so-called Alder Creek Ranch holdings have sold for as much as a million dollars, and are owned by rich Californians who operate through local managers and buckaroos.

During our tenure at the Alder Creek Ranch, we entertained many of our social friends from San Francisco and as far east as the Atlantic seaboard. Many of them were Scrugham's friends, and some of them were mine. We didn't charge any board, so the ranch was not run at a profit as a guest ranch.

One of the show places in the vicinity of the Alder Creek Ranch is the so-called opal beds in the western portion of Humboldt County. This is a few miles off the route of the present Route 8-A between Denio and Cedarville, California. It is doubtful to say just who owned those beds, but suffice to say that they held priceless opportunities for people to grub around in the tunnels that had been developed, and find some mighty fine opals.

One of the biggest of the opals in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington came from the Virgen opal beds (this is spelled different than the Virgin in southern Nevada.)

Mention might be made of several of the joint mining adventures in which Jim Scrugham and myself were interested. In the late 1920's, a prominent district was opened up called Wahmonie. It was located in Nye County just east of what is now Lathrop Wells, and in the area since withdrawn as the Tonopah Bombing Range.

But unfortunately this did not work out, and our investments were written off. We also were interested in developing land in the Charleston Mountain area known as Deer Creek. We were able to so arrange matters that our land interests there eventually were taken over by the people who now operate Charleston Park.

While I'm on the subject of joint ventures, I might add that we had jointly acquired some iron mining claims in Eureka County south of Carlin in Pine Valley, in what was known as the Safford Mining District. We were also interested in the Mineral Hill area near the Bruffy Ranch and Union Summit, between Lander and Eureka Counties.

Mineral Hill was one of the glory holes of the early years, and there was a population of several thousand people when the mill there was operating. Jim Buckskin, a halfbreed American Indian who lived at Palisade until his house burned down, had the mail contract down Pine Valley from Carlin to Mineral Hill. He was the offspring of an Englishman and a full-blooded Paiute mother. He was very well educated, and believe it or not, had as good an English accent as any fellow from London could have. We often visited Mineral Hill together, and the old cemetery there, which is replete with the remains of a good many prominent people of earlier days including Jim Buckskin's mother. Jim passed away in Elko in the spring of 1966.

Going back to our mining interests in the Safford district of Pine Valley, they did not

really materialize until after Jim Scrugham's death in 1945, when I was able to take over his interests and make arrangements satisfactory to his estate. Since then, as long as I am not withholding any information about things, they have worked out very satisfactorily with me through contracts that I've made through the J. R. Simplot Company of Boise, Idaho. That company was shipping iron off the claims to Japan in the days following the end of World War II. They also had taken over the further exploration of the claims at Mineral Hill.

In 1932, Scrugham was nominated for the congressional seat in Nevada then held by Sam Arentz. He had been urged to declare for the United States Senate nomination, but due to the fact that Senator Oddie was so strongly entrenched, they did not give him much chance. Furthermore, the Oddies rented one of Jim Scrugham's two homes, so they were very friendly neighbors. And this in a way dictated his decision not to enter the senatorial field. However Judge Patrick McCarran, who had oftentimes been a candidate for the senatorial nomination but was not successful, had a clear field for the senatorial nomination, and between them they went into the campaign as candidates for the Democratic Party for those respective positions.

Senator Oddie had made two grave political blunders and mistakes prior to the 1932 election. He had approved legislation giving the workers on the (then) Boulder Dam project, the right to vote—all of them Democrats, mostly from southern states—and had approved of the location of the new Post Office building in Elko on ground owned by George Wingfield. This lot was considered too far out of town at that time, but now is right in the midst of town and justified his selection. However, the people were so incensed in Elko by this deal that they cut him at the polls. He lost about a

thousand votes there, together with those that naturally voted Democratic in Boulder City. However, it would be pertinent to remark at this time that McCarran only defeated Oddie by a scant thousand votes, whereas Franklin D. Roosevelt carried Nevada in 1932 with an eighteen thousand majority.

Tasker Oddie was again, in 1938, the senatorial opponent to McCarran. But he was not elected at that time because Senator McCarran had a splendid record the first term. And if you will recall, he had been one of those who had opposed President Roosevelt in packing the Supreme Court which gave him considerable help, not only from his own party, but also from thousands of the Republican voters in Nevada. I might say in deference to Senator McCarran and Oddie, that their campaign was not a bitter one.

And when Senator Oddie preceded Senator McCarran in death by a few months in 1954, Senator McCarran was very gracious in remarks he made about Oddie on the floor of the senate.

There was another interesting anecdote in connection with this 1932 campaign. The banks were closed at that time, and nobody could get any coin of the realm in Nevada. Scrugham was practically grounded and busted, so I arranged to come to Nevada with about five hundred dollars in cash. He met me at the Moapa station of the Union Pacific Railroad. He informed me at that time that he had speaking dates that night at Bunkerville and Mesquite. At that time, the road did not run across Mormon Mesa as it does now and we had to go down the Moapa Valley to Logandale into St. Thomas and ford the Virgin River. The river was too high, or quicksand had been washed in there by a flood.

We had to get our Mormon friends to pull us across the Muddy and Virgin River by horse. This time we got through successfully.

When we arrived at the scene of the speech-making at Bunkerville and Mesquite, I met Senator McCarran for the first time. Scrugham had alerted me to the fact, however, that Senator McCarran was very suspicious of my visit because, knowing my long and close association with Senator Oddie for over thirty years, he told my friend Scrugham that Miller was in here to help Oddie.

Even Scrugham properly and rightfully denied it. I remember Judge McCarran asked me to give him a good story to tell. Taking him at his word but not seriously, I told him a pretty rich story. He afterwards told Scrugham, "I know Miller is against me because if I had told the story that he gave me before that Mormon audience they would have thrown me out."

There was a bitter contest between Governor Scrugham, running for reelection in 1926, and Fred Balzar, the nominee on the Republican ticket. Balzar was a former sheriff of Mineral County and a trainman on the Sodaville branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

When Balzar came in as Governor, he looked with scant enthusiasm on Governor Scrugham's plans which had taken root to bring tourists and visitors into the state of Nevada. In other words, Scrugham started a program to induce people to come here to Nevada and enjoy our scenery, enjoy our points of interest, and enjoy our parks which were then in the process of being created.

As a matter of fact, the atlatl, which was the earliest known weapon that the Indians of Nevada used to kill their game, was a very scarce article. Only two of them had ever been found in Nevada. One of them was reposing in what would now be the museum exhibits in Carson City. And when Governor Balzar came in, he threw the whole kit and boodle out in the ash-can, thinking it was of no use or

very little interest to the people of Nevada. So during the rest of the Balzar administration, nothing was done in respect to try to interest people in the State of Nevada. Balzar claimed that Nevada's economy was based solely on agriculture and mining and stock raising. It has since been demonstrated that Nevada's economy is very much dependent on tourism, and the present administration under Governor Grant Sawyer is trying to make that one special project.

After Jim Scrugham was defeated for reelection as Governor in 1926, George Thatcher was instrumental in asking me to interest some financially strong people in the East in bailing out the Nevada State Journal, of which Governor Scrugham took over the publishing and editorship after this defeat. It just happened that in furtherance of this plan I brought to Nevada a young man named Phelps Phelps. He was a New York Senator representing the so-called Fifth Avenue silk stocking district in the New York State Senate at Albany. He was a connection of the famous Phelps family who were instrumental in developing Austin. His real name was Phelps von Huegenstein; his mother having married a fortune hunter from Germany. When they were divorced she took back her maiden name, hence the name Phelps Phelps. But unfortunately Mr. Phelps could not come up with the necessary coin of the realm to help us out in the Nevada State Journal.

By the end of 1933, my interests in Nevada with Jim Scrugham were such that it was best for me to make plans to become a permanent resident. My son's education was secured by his admission as a midshipman at the United States Naval Academy. And my wife and daughter in Wilmington, who were familiar with Nevada by reason of their many visits here, were well provided for. At the conclusion of my years as Department

Commander of The American Legion in Delaware late in 1933, I moved to Moapa Valley and Caliente, Nevada to take over the operation of the Civilian Conservation Corps camps, then engaged in construction facilities at the unofficial state park sites in Clark and Lincoln Counties, and performing flood control work at Panaca in Lincoln Country.

In June 1934, I was commissioned by the Board of Commissioners of Lincoln County to go back to Washington D.C., in order to obtain approval of the appropriations of funds for the Department of the Interior and the Department of Agriculture to continue the park and flood control work in that county.

When the 1935 Legislature was in session in Carson City, I prepared and steered to passage the act of March 28, 1935, creating a state park commission; also legislation establishing by law as state parks, the Valley of Fire in Clark County, Cathedral Gorge, Beaver Dam Wash, and Kershaw-Ryan Park. At that time I became well acquainted with another one of Nevada's governors, Richard S. Kirman, who appointed me as one of the five state park commissioners. I was duly elected chairman.

In 1936, I was promoted by the Department of Interior to the Division of Grazing with offices in Reno, which necessitated my moving there, though I was a registered voter in Lincoln County. We had jurisdiction over the C.C.C. camps in Nevada and that portion of California east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in southern Oregon. I held this position until June of 1942 when, by reason of World War II commencing, domestic programs were curtailed. At this time, Congressman Scrugham, who was completing his tenth year in the House of Representatives decided to contest the nomination for United States Senator with Berkeley Bunker. Bunker had been appointed ad interim as Senator by Governor E.P. Carville in December 1940,

following the death of Senator Key Pittman, who had been re-elected for a six-year term in 1940. This started out to be a very bitter political campaign, particularly from the side of Berkeley Bunker, who criticized Jim Scrugham for not having his wife and daughter with him in Washington. It was none of his business. I was manager of a successful campaign of Congressman Scrugham for United States Senator. At the September 1942 primaries, he was elected over his opponent, Cecil Creel. Cecil Creel was a gentleman of the first order, and there was no animosity at all between Senator-elect Scrugham and Cecil Creel by reason of that election contest in 1942. I continued to manage our joint business interests and our political affairs.

During Governor Carville's administration I was appointed by him to the Nevada State Council of Defense and as chairman of the Veterans' Service Co-ordinating Committee. I had not been accepted for active military service in World War II due to my age, then fifty-six; although I had been called into Fort Douglas and given a commission as major in the infantry. I was not permitted to serve because of my age; therefore, these semi-military services such as Civil Defense and this Co-ordinating Committee during the time of the war were acceptable to me.

It just happened that I was a Department Commander of the American Legion during Governor Carville's administration between 1943 and 1944, and was the first and only American Legionnaire ever elected to head two departments namely Delaware (in 1932 and '33) and Nevada.

Going back to the 1930's, there had been bad blood between Senators Pittman and McCarran which in time involved Congressman Scrugham. McCarran and Pittman had been bitter personal and political opponents practically from the time Key

Pittman came into the picture some years before. As a matter of fact, Pittman knocked Senator McCarran off of the pavement and onto the curb in front of what is now Harold's Club in one of their altercations!

That's how bitter the relation were between them. I knew Key Pittman from the early days in Tonopah, as my father gave him one of his first jobs there as attorney when he and Mimosa "mushed in," as it were, from Alaska. I have previously told you about Key Pittman handling the Longstreet-Clifford trial in Belmont, so I was exposed to knowing Senator Key Pittman many years before coming acquainted with Vail Pittman. I not only saw him at my father's home in Delaware, but I was a member of Congress at the time he was one of the senators from Nevada. It was not until early in 1934 or 35 that I came to know Vail Pittman and then by reason of him being editor of the Ely Daily Times in Ely. Then, in my many visits to Ely, I got to know Vail. I addressed the many service clubs to which he belonged, and also gave him copy for the Ely Daily Times, of which he was then publisher.

It just happened that for many years in the late thirties, I was a member of a hunting party consisting of Senator Key Pittman, his brother Vail Pittman then of Ely, Jim Cashman and his son of Las Vegas, Chet Olson, head of the Forest Service in Nevada, and Mr. A. R. Torgerson who was the Forest Service administrator in Elko. We all hunted in the Pole Creek region in northeastern Elko County which was a very remote region and thoroughly supplied with game at the time of hunting season.

There's a story going around that when Key Pittman was a member of the delegation to London on some foreign affairs matter because he was the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States

Senate, he didn't turn up at the Embassy after a party at Buckingham Palace was over. They found that he was still on the grounds of Buckingham Palace, and he was brought home to the Embassy a little bit later. You can draw your own conclusion.

Senator Key Pittman in my opinion was somewhat overestimated as a United States Senator, and it is my humble opinion that had he been standing for election in a larger or more populous state, he might not have had such an easy time of being elected. I remind you that twice he was only elected to the United States Senate by a majority of less than a hundred. I think Sam Platt, a leading Republican who only passed away in 1965, was the opponent each time. Senator Key Pittman was also a bitter enemy of Senator McCarran's, and this was relationship was continued on both sides through their entire political and senatorial careers.

Senator Key Pittman was very quick with his hands, and at times when he was not exactly what might be called sober you had to keep out of the reach of that long bony right hand of his or if you weren't watching out, you would get a little slap over the mouth or the face with it. I myself have ducked such an experience in the years gone by.

By reason of seniority and his being elected campaign after campaign, of course he rose to the position of Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. This was one of the highest assignments in the Senate, particularly at a time when our foreign and international relations were changing so drastically and we were headed into what eventually became World War II. Be it said to Senator Key Pittman's credit, he foresaw the double crossing and the chicanery that the Japanese government perpetuated on the United States. Some years before, in the '30's, Senator Pittman was warning us that we

should expect treachery from the Japanese government.

Pittman had an opportunity to observe signs of treachery because, if my memory serves me correctly, he was active in the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate although not chairman at the time that the ill-fated Washington Disarmament Conference of 1921 was sitting in Washington. At that time, the United States agreed to sink five hundred million tons of battle ship and battle cruiser tonnage off the Virginia Capes which afterwards Billy Mitchell practiced on. And Great Britain and Japan were supposed to sink a like proportion of battle ship and battle cruiser tonnage, but they never did. They only tore up blue prints.

Of course Senator Key Pittman was a great advocate of silver and he should be given every credit for keeping the production and the use of silver in our coins over the years that he was Senator. It is rather an odd quirk of fate now that were he living he certainly would have been in the forefront of the battle to keep silver in our coinage. In fact, an editorial in the paper recently accentuated the fact that had Key Pittman and Pat McCarran, another great silver advocate, been alive at that time we might not have had to yield so easily to the present policy of the Johnson Administration in debasing our currency. This is no reflection on Senator Cannon or Senator Bible or Representative Baring, because they did the best they could in face of strong pressure from the administration to take silver out of our currency.

My acquaintance with Senator Key Pittman continued until his death shortly after election day in November 1940, by reason of the fact that from 1933, I was a legal resident of Nevada and considered to be practically then-Congressman Scrugham's best friend and political manager. While Congressman

Scrugham and Senator Key Pittman didn't have any open break, Scrugham was very impatient a number of times with the lack of consideration he thought the senior Senator from Nevada, Key Pittman, ought to have had towards him.

I well remember one time going to the Senate Office Building with Congressman Scrugham to keep an appointment with Senator Pittman. Senator Pittman didn't pay any attention to Congressman Scrugham, and more or less passed him up. Scrugham, with a few very short words of four letters told him where to go, and said that the next time Senator Pittman wanted to see him, he could do so over in the House Office Building. That just illustrates some of the difficulties in operating between the congressional delegation in those days.

It was an open secret that McCarran and Key Pittman were bitter enemies, as I have said. I well remember the time after Senator Key Pittman's funeral in Reno when his remains were deposited in a sarcophagus up at the Mountain View Cemetery and a little bit later when James Scrugham's remains were buried in the same cemetery, Senator Pat McCarran remarked to me that it grieved him to have Senator Scrugham six feet under ground when that blankety blank ex-colleague of his was above ground. He said, "If I pass away, you bet your life I'm going to be above ground!"

In connection with Senator McCarran's expressed desire to "rest" above ground, it was not until sometime in 1955 that the sarcophagus that now holds his remains in the Mountain View Cemetery in Reno was ready. At the invitation of Mrs. McCarran and the late Senator's family, I was asked to deliver the memorial address at the time of the consecration, formal dedication and blessing of the ground by the then Catholic Bishop

of Nevada. It was a very solemn occasion with several hundred distinguished citizens of Nevada spread out in a semicircle and the entire McCarran family on hand. A helicopter flew over the ground dropping purple flowers of remembrance during the service. As one looked around there could be seen near at hand the resting place of former Senator Key Pittman and also the plot of ground where former Senator Scrugham rested.

Now we come to Mr. Vail Pittman, the younger brother of Senator Key Pittman. He was the editor in the early 30's of the Ely Daily Times in Ely and previous to that he had been a state senator from White Pine County. He'd also been a deputy sheriff in the '20's in Nye County. He was an entirely different individual than his older brother. He was a thorough gentleman to the core and did not carry political animosities to any degree. He was always pleasant to talk to. On our hunting trips together in the 30's and later on in the early 40's in northeastern Elko County, we were always very friendly and occupied many times the same bunk or cabin on those trips that were handled by, as I told you, Mr. Chet Olson of the Forest Service.

Vail Pittman was nominated for Lieutenant Governor on the Democratic ticket in 1942 at the time Congressman Scrugham had won the nomination from Berkeley Bunker for the Senate and Carville was running for his second term as governor. I had an opportunity while going around with Congressman Scrugham to see much of Vail Pittman. He would never take unfair advantage of any political opponent and at all times conducted himself politically and socially, on the road and in his home, as a fair gentleman. He was duly elected Lieutenant Governor in 1942, and of course in that capacity presided over the 1943 Senate. I had much to do with legislation before the 1943 Legislature, both

with respect to local wartime legislation and civil defense legislation, because Governor Carville had seen fit to make me Chairman of the Veteran Coordinating Committee as well as a member of the Nevada State Council of Defense.

After the death of Senator Pittman in 1940, and the subsequent appointment of Berkeley Bunker as ad interim Senator, there was ill feeling between Scrugham on one side and McCarran and Bunker on the other. There was also no love lost between Governor Ted Carville and Senator McCarran. With the 1944 election coming up, and McCarran's seat open, it appeared that he would have as his primary opponent the then Lieutenant Governor Vail Pittman. Many of Scrugham's friends and supporters were anxious for the breach between Senator McCarran and himself to be healed, having in mind Scrugham's term was expiring in 1946. He was not destined to live until then.

Senator Scrugham authorized me to approach Senator McCarran and inform him that Scrugham and his organization would support McCarran in the September 1944 Democratic primaries for the United States Senator. This was carried out in March 1944.

I happened to be at the Commercial Hotel in Elko at the same time Senator McCarran was there on a visit from Washington.

I approached Senator McCarran and asked if I could have an appointment with him. He looked at me with rather a hostile eye and said that I was a poor one to bring any message from his colleague in Washington.

If his colleague in Washington, whom he saw on the floor of the Senate every day, did not speak to him, McCarran did not know why Scrugham would choose an emissary.

However, I told him that my room was number twenty-two, and about half an hour later the Senator knocked on the door and

came in. I offered him a drink from a bottle on the bureau and his voice was hostile. I said, "If that's the way we're going to start out Senator, you might as well not go any further." Nevertheless, I presented the decision of the Scrugham organization.

McCarran asked me how I could do this when he knew that I was such a warm personal friend of Lieutenant Governor Vail Pittman, who was to be his opponent.

I explained to him that I was carrying out a political arrangement between him and Senator Scrugham. In the next few months we received telephone calls from all over the state wanting to know what had been told Senator McCarran. Invariably, the Senator asked if Miller could be trusted and knew what he was talking about. When he found out by checking people all over the state that I knew what I was talking about, he wholeheartedly entered into the arrangements.

This was indeed a most distressing political decision for me to make because—I repeat again—Lieutenant Governor Vail Pittman was a through gentleman. He had been a friend of mine for several years. We went hunting together with our mutual friends. But nevertheless, that's the way it had to be.

One of the compelling reasons for Scrugham's friends to advise this course of action was that they were heartily sick of the internecine factional squabbling over the state of Nevada which separated friends and made political enemies. It turned out to be a very vital decision on McCarran's part because in the September 1944 primaries (it was not determined until about five o'clock the next morning), he won the nomination over Vail Pittman by less than a thousand votes. I know what I'm talking about because the champagne wasn't opened until almost daybreak the day after elections!

Senator McCarran went on to defeat the Republican nominee, Senator George W. (Molly) Malone. There again the personal equation came in. George W. Malone had been a Legion friend and associate of mine for fifteen to eighteen years. But he was always a bitter opponent of Jim Scrugham's; so in the last analysis, I would naturally side with Mr. Scrugham. The irony of the fact is that during the administration of Governor Scrugham (1922-1926) he had appointed Malone to a very important position in the State Engineering staff. But rumor has it that the Republicans were able to wean Malone away from Scrugham, which was somewhat instrumental in bringing about the defeat of Scrugham for Governor in 1926. Anyhow, we supported Senator McCarran who went on to be re-elected for him third term, overwhelmingly defeating George W. Malone. But a short eight months later, Senator Scrugham passed away on June 26, 1945 in the Naval Hospital at San Diego, California.

In 1945, Senator McCarran asked me if I would be interested in taking over the Veteran's Service under the Department of Labor. I had been doing much of this work on a volunteer basis as a Legion official for many years. So I took over as staff field representative to the Veteran's Service under the Department of Labor in the fourteen western states with headquarters in Reno. I served in this service until January 1, 1957, when I was retired upon reaching the statutory retirement age of seventy on June 30, 1956.

In this position I had charge of overseeing the operation of the service in the fourteen mountain and Pacific coast states including Hawaii and Alaska. My immediate superior at Washington was Mr. Perry Faulkner. We served under Paul V. McNutt, former Governor of Indiana and a past National Commander of The American Legion, who

was head of the Bureau of Employment Security in Washington. This entailed constant travel over the territory and enabled me to renew many old associations in political and veteran's affairs, as well as to form an entirely new galaxy of new associates from a political and personal and veterans nature.

The year after I took over as staff field representative in 1945, I was approached by the leaders of the Democratic party in Nevada in the stand for the nomination for Congress, but had I done so I would had to have oppose my friend Charles H. Russell, whom we felt certain would be the Republican nominee for Congress. I would also have to give up my seniority and annuity rights under the federal government, which was considerable at that time. As it turned out, that was the best thing I ever did, because I finished out thirty-five years of military-congressional-civil service which provided me with a very satisfactory annuity.

My friend Charlie Russell went on to be elected for one term only. I was able to work in collaboration with him very closely. I had made no bones about it. I did support Charlie Russell for Congress in 1946. In the 1946 campaign, former Governor E. P. Carville had been appointed ad interim United States Senator (when he resigned as governor in 1945 upon the death of Senator Scrugham) by Lieutenant Governor Vail Pittman, who took over the governor's chair. Former United States Senator Berkeley Bunker, who was then Nevada's Congressman for one term, entered the Democratic primaries for United States Senator against Senator Carville, his former benefactor of 1940. I mean by that that it was Governor Carville who sent Berkeley Bunker to the United States Senate by an ad interim appointment in 1940. Senator McCarran was supporting Berkeley Bunker as he and Governor Carville had been on the

outs for a long time. Bunker defeated Carville in the primaries and in turn was defeated overwhelmingly by George W. Malone, who had again won the Republican nomination for United States Senator. The Nevada electorate had not forgotten Berkeley Bunker's double cross of Carville.

I think I've already related in detail the McCarran-Vail Pittman primary contest of 1944, which I shall not reiterate. Suffice to say that when Vail Pittman did not win the nomination from Senator McCarran for United States Senator in the primary of September 1944, he accepted his defeat philosophically and did not at any time issue any "letters of marque and reprisal" towards those who had not supported him. I think I've already stated that after Senator Scrugham died in June of 1945, Governor Carville resigned as governor, and upon Vail Pittman's occupying the governor's chair, he appointed ex-Governor Carville ad interim United States Senator to fill out the term which originally started with Key Pittman back in 1940, when he was elected and died three days after election day.

In 1946, with a United States Senator, a governor and a congressman to be elected, to say nothing of other state officers, it was naturally of great interest who the McCarran forces were going to support for these respective nominations. I well remember a conference held at the Riverside Hotel, those present were Senator Pat McCarran, with Dr. H. W. Sawyer of Fallon (the father of the present governor) , and the two Bunkers, Berkeley and Bryan from Las Vegas.

Berkeley was then finishing his term in Congress in the House and wanted to be nominated for United States Senate. The McCarran forces were very much opposed to Vail Pittman for getting the nomination as governor and they were equally opposed

to former Governor Carville, then serving as ad interim Senator, to get the nomination for United States Senator. To cut a long story short, I have no hesitancy in saying that whenever I was in any of these conferences leading up to a final determination as to who would support who on the Democratic primaries, I always insisted that Vail Pittman be given the green light for governor.

It was a tough job to convince that group that they should support Vail Pittman, but eventually they did. He went on to be elected governor for the term 1947-1951. This was very pleasing to me, because I felt that I had in part repaid the attitude that I had had to take against Vail Pittman in previous campaigns which I have referred to. I saw much of him during his administration and we continued our annual hunting trips together.

On the contrary, Governor Carville, who was seeking the nomination for senator and being opposed by Berkeley Bunker (the man who had benefited and appointed to the Senate upon Pittman's death in 1940), was beaten in the Democratic primaries by Berkeley Bunker. The Lieutenant Governor nominee on the Democratic ticket was a labor leader named James (Sailor) Ryan of Las Vegas who had been a member of the legislature; and in fact, if my memory serves me right, I think he had been the Speaker at one of those sessions. So Senator McCarran and his forces had the obstacle, Vail Pittman for Governor. George W. (Molly) Malone, a Republican who had run against Key Pittman in 1934 and been defeated for Senator, and run against Pat McCarran in 1944 and been defeated, was the Republican nominee for United States Senate unopposed. As a result of the election, Vail Pittman then went in as governor, Charles H. Russell went in as Congressman over Malcolm McEachin, a Democratic nominee, and Malone defeated

Berkeley Bunker for United States Senator. Malone was the first Republican United States Senator elected in Nevada since Senator Oddie was elected for his second term back in 1926 almost twenty years before. Malone's victory, while not very large (I think it was three or four thousand majority), was attributed to the fact that the members of the Roman Catholic faith in Nevada (and this is no reflection upon them) resented Berkeley Bunker turning on his benefactor, ex-governor Carville, who was a nominee in 1946.

That even had its repercussions down into the election many years later when Berkeley Bunker was running for Lieutenant Governor in 1962, and Senator Cannon was in the United States Senate. It would have been to the disadvantage of Senator Cannon to have a Democratic Lieutenant Governor elected in 1962, because it would then have given Governor Grant Sawyer the green light to run against him in the 1964 primaries. So when Berkeley Bunker was running for Governor in 1962, the Cannon forces were instrumental in seeing that he was defeated by Lieutenant Governor Paul Laxalt, a Republican, but that's a little ahead of the story.

Vail Pittman was elected governor in 1946 and served from 1947 in January to January 1951. Charles H. Russell, a Republican, in turn, in the 1948 election, was defeated by Walter S. Baring who won his first term in Congress at that time. This left Charles Russell out of a job. As you know, he had a pretty big family, and be it said to the credit of Senator McCarran, even though Charlie was a Republican, he saw to it that ex-Congressman Charles H. Russell was given a very lucrative position in the foreign aid program and spent the next two years abroad in Europe helping administer that program.

Governor Vail Pittman's administration for four years from 1947 to 1951 was at a very

critical time in the history not only of Nevada but of the entire country. We were recovering from World War II, and the economy of the entire nation was dependent upon how the returning service men were to be taken care of when they returned to their homes. Unlike the men who returned from World War I and were told to find their jobs and take up their education and build homes, the veterans of World War II under the G.I. Bill were given an opportunity to pursue their education, build homes, and to have the benefits that would enable them to re-enter the economic life of the country and their respective areas without the sad experiences many of their uncles, or older brothers had coming from World War I.

Governor Pittman was in the forefront here in Nevada of providing the necessary legislation to augment federal legislation with the respect to the service men. I know that he was very instrumental in seeing to it that the Veterans Exemption Act, under continual attack under previous legislatures, was continued on the statute books of the state. He also appointed the necessary committees to work with the veterans' organizations of Nevada, of which The American Legion was then one of the leaders, in seeing to it that the returning veterans—men and women—were given the opportunity to return to their civilian pursuits with the least strain financially on them and the area.

He was also very instrumental in trying to revive the State Park System in Nevada which had fallen practically to the ground and in disuse during the war years. I am familiar with that subject because, as I previously said, under Governor Kirman in 1935, I became the chairman of the first Nevada State Park Commission and operated in that capacity under Governor Kirman and subsequent governors.

Governor Pittman always had a Democratic assembly, or lower house, of the Nevada legislature during the two sessions of the time he was governor, but the Senate was Republican. However, on account of his previously having served the Nevada State Senate from White Pine County, and because of his very fine nature and disposition, he did not have any particular trouble getting along with the Republican State Senate as other governors might have had. What I'm trying to bring out is the fact that Vail Pittman was always a thorough gentleman in any capacity that you met him in, whether it was personal, social, or political. He deserves much credit for this, because heaven knows there were enough bitter political enemies through Nevada history—some of which I have recounted.

I might add that Vail Pittman was a crack shot; he could get a deer running at two hundred and fifty yards, and I even saw him bring down a big coyote at about two hundred yards that was running away from us at the time of our hunting trip. He also knew how to conduct himself at any party, socially or otherwise. All during that time that Governor Vail Pittman and his charming wife were occupants of the Governors's Mansion in Carson City, one felt thoroughly at home visiting them. They didn't put on any airs because he happened to be governor; they were just good home folks the entire time.

In 1950, Charlie Russell won the Republican nomination for governor and defeated Vail Pittman for a second term. It is no secret that Senator McCarran almost openly supported Governor Russell, a Republican, in the election that year over his old enemy Governor Vail Pittman.

Be it said to the credit of Vail Pittman again, he took his defeat as a gentleman and didn't visit any recriminations on anyone.

He and Mrs. Pittman, a very charming lady, moved to Las Vegas where he became active in civic affairs. A little bit later, he was elected the Democratic National Committeeman from Nevada, which strong political position he occupied until the time of his untimely death just a couple of years ago.

Having touched on my relationship with five of Nevada's Governors, Oddie, Scrugham, Kirman, Carville, and Vail Pittman, I now come to Governor Charles H. Russell who took over at the inaugural in 1951. It had been my pleasure to know Charlie Russell since 1934, when I first met him on some Masonic affairs in Ely. At that time, he was the editor and publisher of one of the papers in Ely, the Ely Record. I had also known him when he was in the Assembly and State Senator from White Pine County. He was always very helpful to our veteran's organization and any legislation we brought before the Nevada legislature, both as an Assemblyman and as a State Senator. So we had a friend at court, which is no reflection on previous governors.

Shortly after Governor Russell's inauguration, he and his assistant, Art Suverkrup (whom I had also known very well as the man who ran the U. P. news station here in Reno before he went to Governor Russell as his administrative assistant) both approached me with an idea of reactivating the Nevada State Parks system. The law was on the statute books which I previously referred to, the statute of March 28, 1935, which I had been instrumental in having enacted. He did not need any new legislation to reactivate the commission. The State Parks system was a dead letter during the war years and up until the time Governor Russell reactivated it.

At that time, he appointed a new commission. They were Mrs. Louise Marvel, a well-known rancher and cattle owner of Battle Mountain; Mr. Chris Sheerin, the

editor and publisher of the Elko Free Press; Mr. Jay Brinton of Ely, a prominent banker; Norman Hansen, the Assemblyman from Nye County; Max Wainwright, an Assemblyman from White Pine County; Fay "Chick" Perkins of Moapa Valley, whose father had been instrumental in opening up the Lost City in 1923 under Governor Scrugham; Dr. W. C. Miller, a member of the faculty of the University of Nevada; and myself. Upon organization of the commission, I was again elected chairman.

All of our parks which had been created by the 1935 legislature were in a state of disrepair and deteriorated. So it was necessary for us to go to the legislature and obtain an appropriation to reactivate these parks. It was a very difficult task to get the legislature interested or to make adequate appropriation, in spite of the fact that we called attention to the facts and proved by statistics that an active and improved state park program would bring more tourists to the state of Nevada, and also would induce them to stay longer. Nevada was a bridge state at the time with people going through to stop only a day or so at either Reno or Las Vegas. As a result of our study and contact with other state park systems over the country, we were able to prove to the legislature that a modest appropriation would be in keeping to reactivate these parks.

I well remember going before the legislature in February of 1955, when a joint session was called by Lieutenant Governor Rex Bell and Speaker Cyril Bastian of the assembly; the first time that the joint session of legislature had been called to hear anything of such a nature since I appeared before the joint session back in 1935. By an odd quirk of chronology, it had been twenty years to a day that I had appeared before the 1935 legislature. How did I know it? Because by reading over the paper, the Nevada State

Journal that particular day, I noted an item under the heading "Twenty Years Ago:" "Colonel Thomas W. Miller appeared before the joint session of the legislature advocating state park appropriations.

Our first appropriation was a biennium of about eighty-six thousand dollars which was supposed to take care of the parks that had already been created throughout the state, and the few new ones recommended. For instance, on our program under the Russell administration were the following state parks which were to be reactivated or new ones established. The Valley of Fire State Park in Clark County had been a part of our earlier program. The Cathedral Gorge State Park in Lincoln County, and likewise the Beaver Dam Wash, a marvelous wilderness area had been cleared by the 1935 legislature. We also went to George Whittell, the millionaire land-owner at Lake Tahoe, and we were able to establish the Sand Harbor Park along the shore of Lake Tahoe in Washoe County by reason of a lease agreement, which we had with him and which is still in force today. Also, in cooperation with the U. S. Forest Service in Reno and Mr. Ivan Sack the Regional Director, we created the Ichthyosaur State Park in Nye County a few miles out of the old towns of Berlin and Lone. We created the Fort Genoa State Park in Douglas County. We also took over the title to the Fort Churchill reservation from the Sagebrush Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. So all in all we had nine state park locations here in Nevada which were reactivated, reopened or established during Governor Russell's administration.

We had to sell this program to the legislatures of 1953 and 1955. In selling it, we brought in a large scale map of the state of Nevada, pointing out to the legislators the proximity of all of these state parks to major east-west, or north-south highways.

One of our main talking points, in addition to providing recreational grounds for the people in Nevada, was to influence the visitors coming through the Nevada—not using a bridge state to hurry through, but to tarry over and visit these very fine recreational areas which were accessible to their lines of travel. I can say to the credit of the legislature, when they heard our presentation both in their joint session and appearing before the respective finance committees of both the Assembly and the Senate, we had very little, if any, opposition to our program.

The main obstacle that we had to overcome was that as soon as the State Senate or Assembly would be sold the idea as to the advantage it would be not only to Nevada but to the particular locality, they wanted us to try to establish parks or recreational areas in every one of the counties in Nevada, which of course was not practical. For instance, the Beowawe Geysers in Eureka County, which are some distance off Route 40 between Carlin and Battle Mountain, would make a splendid state park or recreational area. But it would take a lot of money to properly fence in the geysers, and to also satisfy the ranchers through whose property the access dirt road to the Beowawe Geysers would have to go in order to not have these tourists and people leave their gates open, so their cattle could escape. So we weren't able to firm up the Beowawe Geysers because of these reasons. Since then, I understand, they have been taken over by an outfit that is going to use the natural hot water system there to produce electricity. But that's a long way off, and not apropos for this discussion.

There was great difficulty in developing the Ichthyosaur project in Nye County. In spite of the fact that it is off the main Highway 50 many miles, and you have to drive to it by a dirt road of anywhere from thirty-five to

forty miles, a great number of people come there to view this exceptional paleontological exhibit. You would not think that so many people would be able to get there, but they do. However, the legislature of 1963 didn't see fit to appropriate any money for it. Fortunately, however, there was enough agitation to provide for a caretaker there, and Harold Newman and his wife, who live at Berlin, saw to it that those people who do visit there do not carry off the portions of the ichthyosaur specimens that have been unearthed.

For the information of the uninitiated, the paleontological remains of these ancient ichthyosaurs are at an elevation of over seventy-three hundred feet and some five hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean. You can imagine the changes in the topography of the country when you realize that when these ichthyosaur remains were deposited, the Pacific Ocean—or at least a sea connected with the Pacific Ocean—was the sea level of that time. So you can see how many years back, some hundred and sixty million years, which is hard for the average citizen to conceive of, they had lain there before they became solid rock. Each one of their vertebrae is almost as big as a slice of a watermelon, so you can see just what the remains are today. We saw to it that they were fenced so people could not come in there and run off with them or chisel them out. We also saw to it that they were covered with a protective lacquer so the elements would not disintegrate them after we had taken off the top soil.

I will relate briefly matters connected with other state parks. The first was the Valley of Fire State Park which is our largest park in acreage in the state. It had been known for many years, and was under the direct line of the old road between Salt Lake City, Bunkerville, St. George, Mesquite, St. Thomas and on into Las Vegas. Its deposits of

Triassic sandstone are coming to the surface everywhere. For instance, there are replicas of Triassic sandstone that look like an elephant, others look like the beehive which is one of the trademarks of the Latter Day Saints Mormon Church. There are also various other forms around there in the Valley of Fire. They call one the "Seven Sisters." There are about seven stands of early Triassic sandstone which look like the early pioneer women with their Mother Hubbards and their bonnets on. There's also a place in the Valley of Fire State Park called "Atlatl Rock" where the famous petroglyphs are. These petroglyphs portray not only the ancient atlatl which was the weapon used by the aborigines who lived in that area, but also gave pictures of where there had been rainfalls, or pictures of where they had killed mountain sheep. The whole early history of that part of southern Nevada was depicted on the petroglyphs there. Unfortunately, until they removed the ability for people to climb up there, they would go up there and carve their initials or try to deface them. We put a stop to that by having a heavy fine for any people who did it.

The Cathedral Gorge State Park in Lincoln County, midway between Pioche and Caliente, is another illustration of where an ancient lake lay. It is aptly named because the main parts of the park there do look like cathedral spires. That has also been developed into a park where many people stay all night as they have recreation facilities there. A promontory, overlooking the park, was named "Miller's Point" with appropriate Masonic ceremonies.

Beaver Dam Wash is, as I have said, one of the original wilderness areas in the state of Nevada. It was originally occupied and deeded over to the state by Will Mathews, a rancher who lived at Joseco on the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad between Caliente and Milford, Utah. This only occupies about seven

hundred acres. It is smack up against the Utah line, and one of the finest wilderness areas in the country. It has since been developed into a fine recreation area by the building of a dam there to dam up the waters of Beaver Dam, so that there could be some water there and some fishing.

The Kershaw Canyon-Ryan State Park is about three miles down Rainbow Canyon from Caliente and originally was on land donated to the Nevada State Park Commission by Mr. James Ryan, now deceased. He was a very prominent stock man of Caliente, Lincoln County.

The Ward Charcoal Ovens Park is in White Pine County, twenty-six miles south and off the main Highway 93 some six or seven miles out of Ely. The park contains the remains of old charcoal ovens that were used there to supply charcoal to the mines of White Pine County. We had them cleaned out and water established, and they now present a clean appearance and can be used by people who want to camp there overnight.

Fort Churchill in Lyon County along the bank of the Carson River, hardly needs any elaboration here. Suffice it to say that it was one of the original cross country cavalry posts when the emigrant trains were coming across this country, and when the Pony Express was operating. It was a full squadron post of the United States Army back in the sixties. It was only abandoned at the time of the Civil War or shortly thereafter because there were not enough troops to garrison it, and the Indian troubles had more or less ceased. There was an entire fort there, built with adobe bricks. We had a Civilian Conservation Corps company there for a year or more in order to renovate the area but before we could finish it, the CCC program was canceled in 1942. So the ruins remained practically as they are. In subsequent years

under the Russell administration, we established camp grounds and recreational facilities there. It is a sad story that after 1959, for many years Fort Churchill was practically neglected, as the legislature was not appropriation-minded enough to give them the appropriation that they should have. But now under the present administration of Dean Kastens, the state park director, there has been money supplied to bring Fort Churchill up to the degree of use and as it should be. We also drilled a well there which has fine water.

The Fort Genoa State Park hardly needs any elaboration. This was the area's settlement when Brigham Young sent his Mormon pioneers westward. They were established at Fort Genoa for a number of years before the Civil War, but were recalled to Utah when General Albert Sidney Johnston went in there with the United States Army to bring the Mormons to terms and stop their polygamous habits. (I'm not criticizing, I'm just telling you what they were sent there for.) So Fort Genoa was largely in disuse for many years. But under the administration of Governor Russell, we were able to rebuild and renovate the Fort Genoa State Park. And be it said to the credit of the commissioners and the people of Douglas County, had it not been for the way that they kept this Fort Genoa regional park and stockade in shape, the Nevada State Park Commission wouldn't have had anything to renovate in the 1950's.

Shortly after Governor Grant Sawyer came in as governor, he saw fit to change the personnel of the Nevada State Park Commission, so my last function was in May of 1959 when I represented the State of Nevada at a park conference called by the governor of Utah in Salt Lake City. So much for the state park administration under Governor Russell.

During Governor Russell's administration, from time to time he would give me extracurricular jobs to do, such as handling the Nevada Crusade for Freedom for two years in Nevada 1954-56. At that time, people were trying to help out the Koreans; they had a Korean Foundation which raised funds in order to help the poor people of south Korea. I was chairman of that that year under Governor Russell.

Commencing about 1950, I was asked by Governor Russell to interest myself in the Nevada Civil Defense Commission, and since then I have been active worker. The Nevada Civil Defense Commission was created during Governor Russell's administration, and I was appointed a member of the Task Force which prepared a Nevada Survival Plan under Civil Defense during the years 1957 and 1959. At that time, we were instructed by the Civil Defense Headquarters in Washington to formulate an evacuation program. In other words, western Nevada, which would have been subject to fallout from many cities along the Pacific coast that might have been atom bombed, was in possible danger. Therefore, the Task Force was instructed to prepare an evacuation program. I well remember we planned an evacuation program that would have evacuated Carson City, Reno, and Sparks and other communities in northwestern Nevada to the Smokey Valley in Lander County. It appeared to us at the time that it was rather a farfetched program, but we were instructed by Washington to do this. Shortly after the Kennedy administration came in in January 1961, just the very opposite national program was formulated; namely that of the present "shelter program" which is in vogue today.

About this time when the Task Force duty was over for our further recommendations, I was asked to take the post of Civil Defense

Director of Reno which I stipulated I would be willing to handle without salary. The salary, or the amount the appropriation, was arranged for by the Reno City Council by contributions from some of the leading gaming houses in Reno. So between 1960 and 1963, I operated in the old City Hall as Civil Defense Director for the city of Reno. When the office went on a salary basis and on a county-wide basis, I was unwilling to continue serving because I did not care to be a salaried employee. Therefore, Lieutenant Colonel Robert Hay, who was then retiring as National Guard instructor for the regular Army, took over as Civil Defense Director for Washoe County. I was designated then as the City Council Coordinator for Civil Defense for the city of Reno, assisting the Civil Defense Director in Washoe County, in which capacity I am now serving.

The Civil Defense Center program which is in vogue all over the county is in the good hands of Colonel Hay and is being developed in Reno. It is difficult to get the citizenry seriously interested in this program, except when an international emergency arises on the horizon, such as the time of the Berlin crisis or other crises have come up. And even with the crisis confronting us in Viet Nam and Southeast Asia today, I venture to say that the average American or Nevada citizen gives scant heed to our Civil Defense shelter program. But it has been developed so that if we ever are the subject of a fallout from the bombing of any cities on the Pacific coast, there will practically be enough Civil Defense shelter areas available for as many citizens of Reno that decide to take advantage of the program.

I might add, as an active member and officer of The American Legion both nationally and in Nevada that The American Legion has steadfastly supported the Civil Defense shelter program in every area in the

country. The great obstacle is the lethargy of the American people; they never seem to get aroused to proper preparedness for war unless the emergency is right on us. They have forgotten that in World War I, we were able to take a year and a half before we landed combat troops in France because of the British Navy and the French Army holding off the enemy. Also in World War II we were lethargic; we didn't reenact the Selective Service Act in 1940 except by a vote of two hundred one to two hundred in the House of Representatives. Even when Pearl Harbor struck us, the American people were unprepared for war. The same way with the respect to Civil Defense. They simply will not become interested or take the necessary pains to take care of themselves and their families, should such an emergency hit us, until it is almost lost. I had thought with the Viet Nam situation as it is, they would be even more alive to the situation; but not so. This is not a political matter, because it has been supported on a national basis, a state, county and city basis by the proper authorities without regard to any politics.

In February 1963, the Reno City Council enacted an ordinance creating the City of Reno Park and Horticultural Commission, which is charged with the administrative duties and supervision of operating the parks within the city of Reno. Appointed to this commission was Mrs. Audrey Harris (Gordon Harris wife) who had long been active in civic affairs in the City of Reno, but in particular reference to beautifying the city and looking after its recreational grounds. Mr. John Benson of the Arlington Nurseries was also appointed. Upon organization of the Commission, I was the chairman. We have been operating since then, working with the Reno City Council and carrying out their instructions. From time to time when called upon for advice, the

council makes recommendations and we try to comply with them to the best of our ability. Mr. Ivan Sack was appointed to succeed Mr. Benson in 1965.

I will not attempt to elaborate here on the details of all the parks in the City of Reno, but one of the latest programs that has been put in our lap is to properly develop the Paradise Park which is situated along Oddie Boulevard on the Reno-Sparks line. We also of course have Idlewild Park in the western end of the city, and are also developing the Dick Taylor Memorial Park in the northeast portion of Reno along Valley Road. Mr. Bruce Clogston is the park director serving under our commission, and he has a corps of twenty-four employees during the summer season. They keep the parks in the City of Reno well watered, the grass cut, and also police the parks and see that they are kept in proper shape.

I might add that I had been very active in the American Red Cross since 1950, having been on the Board of Directors of the Washoe County Council of the American Red Cross. I have been chairman of what is known as the Home Service Committee of the chapter for the last twelve or thirteen years. This has to do with caring for the families and service men who are stationed at the various armed service installations in northwestern Nevada and those who come through here. It is known now as the Committee on Service to Military Families. I have just been reappointed chairman thereon by Mr. Walter Dixon, the Chairman of the Sierra Nevada Chapter.

I have been a Blue Lodge Mason since 1921 without interruption, and I have also been a member of the Scottish Rite bodies and the Kerak Temple of the Shrine. I am a member of the Legion of Honor of the Kerak Temple of Reno, and as a senior member, am given the distinction of carrying the United

States flag in all parades and in ceremonies in connection with the Legion of Honor.

Returning now to my political friends, I would like to discuss “Molly” Malone. I’m very happy to do so because I knew him about as well as anyone the last thirty years of his life. He was born George Wilson Malone at Fredonia, Kansas on August 7, 1890. He found his way into Nevada and graduated from the University of Nevada in 1917 as a civil and hydraulic engineer. All during his college course, he was noted as a heavyweight boxer and won many a bout. This stood him in good stead later in life. During World War I, he served in England and France with the American Expeditionary Force, having enlisted as a private in Field Artillery in this country, and served with units of the 40th Division. He was promoted to sergeant, and later on to first lieutenant and served as Regimental Intelligence Officer. He was in the service from 1917 to 1919.

Upon returning to Nevada, he took an active part in organization of the Nevada Department of The American Legion, in which organization he was active all the rest of his life. He was the Department Commander during the 1920’s, and at Louisville, Kentucky in 1921 at the National Convention, he was elected as one of the five national Vice Commanders. He was a candidate for National Commander of The American Legion at four national conventions: Boston in 1930, Detroit in 1931, Portland, Oregon in 1932, and Chicago in 1933.

He did not make the grade. Being very active in The American Legion nationally and particularly in Delaware at that time when I was the National Committeeman or Department Commander, I supported Malone in several of his campaigns.

But I remember telling him in Chicago in 1933 that it was hopeless for him to continue

his campaigning and asked to be released of any further support of him. That was the end of his campaign to be National Commander.

During all of these campaigns, his charming wife, Ruth, was in the background or in the active front of the campaigning, but I will discuss her relationship to the general Malone situation later on.

After coming home from the AEF in 1919, Malone was employed in the State Engineer’s Office under James G. Scrugham’s tenure as governor of Nevada from 1923 to 1927, he also served in the Engineering department. He had been a student under Governor Scrugham at the University of Nevada where Scrugham had been Dean of the Engineering Department at the university.

After the very bitter election contest between Governor Scrugham and Fred Balzar when Balzar won out, Malone was appointed immediately upon the start of his administration as State Engineer. He served in that capacity from 1927 to 1935. Governor Balzar died in 1934, and Morley Griswold took over as Lieutenant Governor until January 1935.

Now rumor has it that Malone was one of the young University of Nevada graduates who were serving in the Scrugham administration, and had been won over to the Balzar side of the fight, and turned against Governor Scrugham in the 1926 state election. In any event, Scrugham and Malone were not friends from then on.

In 1934, “Molly” Malone was the Republican nominee for the United States Senate and was defeated by Key Pittman. I remember that this time, he tried to gather around him on the state ticket a number of very active young Republicans who were veterans of World War I, and were active in The American Legion. Francis Riordan was one of these, a rancher in Cave Valley

in White Pine County who ran for Secretary of State at Malone's request. But the ticket was swamped, because it was at the height of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's control of the Democratic party.

During World War II, Malone was employed as a part time consultant to the United States Senate Military Affairs Committee, but when Congressman Scrugham was elected to the United States Senate in 1942, that connection was terminated at the request of Senator Scrugham and the then-chairman of the Senate Military Committee, the present Senator Dick Russell of Georgia.

In 1944, ten years later, Malone was again the Republican nominee against Senator Pat McCarran, but was soundly defeated. His persistence paid off, however, in 1946. He was, for the third time, the Republican nominee for the United States Senate and defeated Berkeley Bunker who had won the Democratic nomination over former Governor E. P. Carville. Carville was serving out the original terms of Key Pittman and Jim Scrugham as ad interim senator after Scrugham's death in 1945. A large segment of the Democratic Party cut Bunker at the polls. for double crossing his former benefactor, Governor Carville who had appointed him to the United States Senate in 1940, when Key Pittman died. Had it not been for this defection of the Democratic Party ranks, it is doubtful that Malone would have been elected, because there was an overwhelming Democratic registration as it is today. Also, it was in the midst of the Roosevelt New Deal operations. His election was very disappointing to Senator Pat McCarran, who espoused Bunker.

The veterans of Nevada universally supported Malone in this election. They knew Berkeley Bunker was not a service man, although he had tried to get into the Army

Chaplains' Corps as a captain, claiming he was eligible for the Chaplains' Corps by reason of his L. D. S. connections.

Bunker was serving as Nevada's lone congressman in the House of Representatives from 1944 to 1946. He brought Henry Wallace, former vice president, into the picture to help him, which did him no good in Nevada. So with "Molly" Malone in the United States Senate and Charles Russell, also a Republican, in the House of Representatives of the 80th Congress, the Republican party was sitting pretty high in Nevada. President Truman had succeeded the presidency following the death of Mr. Roosevelt in 1945. Many remember how he continually cussed out the "do nothing" 80th Congress (which was, of course, controlled by the Republican party, and would not go all the way down the line with some of the Roosevelt programs which Truman had inherited and which he felt duty-bound to support). Pat McCarran was also not pleased for Vail Pittman to become governor in his own right, and there was no love lost between the two of them, as I have previously outlined.

Malone aligned himself with the conservative group who were Republicans in the United States Senate. There was another senator elected in the same year as Malone and took his seat the same day Malone did, Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin. They then became close friends and associates as long as they served together in that body.

Malone was a high tariff exponent. He fought for cancellation of the statute which gave foreign countries the opportunity to import goods in this country, to undersell our own products by reason of low tariffs and reciprocal trade agreements. He fought his own Republican President Eisenhower bitterly to the finish on this, but did not prevail. I say with all due respect to Malone that it is too

bad that he did not prevail over the then Republican policy which had been inherited from the Democratic administrations. He was an outstanding exponent of silver and had his ideas been adopted while he was in the Senate, the shortage in the silver market might have been prevented. He was opposed to the Marshall Plan and all subsequent foreign give-away aid programs.

Malone was a most vociferous talker, and filled pages of the Congressional Record with his remarks, oftentimes, (with all due respect to him) to an empty Senate. He was not a good speaker as far as delivery was concerned, and his voice was often hoarse. And clearing his throat continually did not add to his delivery. He also had a habit of saying, "to close my remarks," and then he would talk thirty or forty minutes further, which did not in any way add to the support of his delivery by the audience that he was talking to. But he was earnest and most resilient in anything he attempted to do, either in politics or other enterprises. In 1952, running for re-election he again profited by a split in the Democratic ranks.

Thomas Mechling was an upstart and a political unknown. He was Johnny DeGrazia's son-in-law of Wells, Nevada. DeGrazia was well-known there and a county Democratic leader. Mechling won the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate over Attorney General Alan Bible by a scant four hundred and fifty majority. Bible was Pat McCarran's choice for the Senate nomination, and this upset of Alan Bible in the primaries rocked the state from top to bottom, as well as nationally. Mechling immediately began attacking everybody, particularly Senator McCarran and all the newspapers of the state, so that about the middle of the campaign, McCarran very reluctantly was forced to come out and openly endorse Malone with whom he was never on good terms while he

was in the Senate then or after. Even at that, Malone only won out by a scant majority over Mechling. Had Mechling gone back to Wells; Nevada, and stayed in his father-in-laws s wine cellar and said nothing (spelled with a capital nothing) he would undoubtedly have been elected Senator over Malone.

Mechling introduced a new sort of campaign over the state. He and his wife, Johnny DeGrazia's daughter, a charming little Italian girl, literally rang practically every doorbell in the State of Nevada. And whether they were invited to conventions or picnics or church gatherings or what not, they turned up. The seriousness of his campaign and the possibility that he might be elected Senator eventually impressed itself upon everybody; and, as I said before, Senator McCarran very reluctantly came out and endorsed Malone late in the campaign.

I well remember Malone's wife, Ruth, being beside herself and very much alarmed at the impending Malone defeat because Pat McCarran was a little bit late in coming out.

Being a friend of Malone's both from a party standpoint and The American Legion, naturally I was very much interested in the campaign, even though at that time I was holding down what might be termed an official position in the United States government. I was well aware of what is known as the Hatch Act. It's too late now to bring any charges against me, but I continually violated the Hatch Act by going around the state, trying to help Malone win out on this upstart who was making charges against everybody including The American Legion, and generally making an ass of himself politically. But there were so many new people moving into the state, even at that time, that Mechling's style of campaign appealed to them. So it was a very serious situation, but Malone scraped through by about a twenty-two hundred majority.

1952 was a presidential campaign when Dwight Eisenhower won the Republican nomination over Senator Robert Taft, and Adlai Stevenson was the Democratic nominee for president. Malone was an outright supporter of Bob Taft's. And naturally, with the conservative wing of the Republican Party, he was very much disappointed when Eisenhower was nominated and with the methods used to nominate Eisenhower by some of the so-called liberals of the Republican Party, headed by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., Thomas E. Dewey and others. They were continually hammering away at Bob Taft in trying to make him appear in a bad light politically.

So "Molly" Malone, in addition to having his own campaign on his hands, had to run on a ticket with Mr. Eisenhower. Malone in later years during a number of matters that I referred to above, did anything but support Mr. Eisenhower on some of his policies with particular reference to the tariff, foreign aid, etc.

Ruth Malone was in the thick of the campaign making friends in some places and making enemies in other places by her method of approaching people, and sometimes her dictatorial attitude toward the female of the species. But I might say that she was a great help to Malone in his campaign, kept him on balance, probably helped him relax because it was a very active and bitter campaign in many ways.

Pat McCarran died in the fall of 1954, a month before the general election, at the time that there was a censure motion pending before the United States Senate to censure Senator Joe McCarthy for his conduct in investigating the War Department, and for his other antics and remarks in the United States Senate. Ernest Brown, a Reno attorney, was appointed by Republican Governor Charles

Russell to serve for the two months before the election until Alan Bible was elected in 1954, for the remaining two years of the McCarran term.

Bible and Malone got along very well, for Senator Bible was of an entirely different temperament from any of the senators discussed heretofore. But Malone, as Senior Senator of Nevada, was sailing high. And there was a Republican in the White House, even though Malone did not support Eisenhower very often. In 1958, "Molly" met his Waterloo in the Senate when he was defeated by Nevada's present junior United States Senator Howard W. Cannon.

He then extended his engineering operations around the country and endeavored to start an enterprise entitled "The Industrial West," with offices in the National Press building on 14th Street in Washington. This company published a book by Malone entitled Minerals and National Resources which today is used as a text book in many colleges. He continued his fight to open up the western states mineral resources and the foresaw the trouble we are in now with respect to mining activities in the west, and with particular reference to our currency. I know that if he were alive in the Senate or out of the Senate today, he would be raising a fight to not debase our currency, as it appears that it is going to be debased in the near future.

Malone tried a political comeback in 1960, by running for the seat in Congress against Walter S. Baring then in Congress as now. He was soundly defeated by the best vote-getter Nevada has ever had, Walter Baring. He did not get the veterans' support he might have had not Mr. Baring been very popular with this segment of the population, as it appears to be all over the entire state.

In this 1960 election, the Malone political treasury was very low. Just before he was

announced as a candidate for Representative in Congress in the 1960 campaign, his friends told him that there would not be any chance of raising finances for that campaign unless his debts of previous campaigns, particularly that of 1958, had been settled. Senator Barry Goldwater, as chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee, came to Reno and addressed a very well attended meeting at the Mapes Hotel which raised, not the entire amount, but a considerable sum of money to pay off Malone's debts.

(I might say, with all due respect to Malone, he and his wife were continually in debt some way or the other. How they ever ran up the bills that they did and continued to live in Washington, I do not know. I hate to say this about him, but he had no idea of what it meant to pay a bill or settle a debt until he was pushed against the wall. As a matter of fact, we all knew that the grocery stores and women's furnishing stores in the vicinity of their apartment in Washington had long withheld any credit to him. So I well remember that they had to go outlying points in Washington to continue their grocery account, and also Mrs. Malone's dressing account. Come to think of it, with regard to the dressing account, Mrs. Malone was a very stunning dresser, and she picked her clothes very nicely. But how she paid for all of them is a mystery today even to some of us who knew the situation.)

Now Ruth Malone and "Molly" were married (I do not know just when) early in his career. She was a young lady out of Yerington, but I do not know what her maiden name was. They had one daughter who was also known under the nickname Molly. She married a very prominent doctor down in Arizona who unfortunately died. Later on, when Malone was out of the Senate, she worked for "The Industrial West" and then on Senator

Goldwater's secretarial staff. I think she is now living with her mother in Washington. Whether she is married again or still a widow, I do not know.

Almost every man in public life, no matter what his station may be, particularly on a national or state wide level, has some woman behind him that spurs him on or directs his activities. It might be his wife, it might be his mistress, or it might be his girl friend. I can say in all candor and truthfulness that there was no other woman in Malone's life except Ruth, because she was the kind of woman that wouldn't tolerate anything like that. And Malone had enough sense to know that she was in many ways a great help to him; although as I've indicated before, she could be a detriment particularly with the women in politics, as well as in various organizations. She was very well liked by most of the men that knew her although those that knew her well didn't take some of her blandishments as seriously as they might have, if they didn't know her.

Without reflecting on Ruth Malone, a number of Molly's most intimate friends (of which I was one, both in the Legion and politically) told him time and again, "Molly, when you come to Nevada, be 'ruthless.' " The inference was that it would be better if he would do some of his contacts and campaigns alone and leave Ruth behind or back in Washington. This is said in all fairness to her, but the fact remains that would have been a detriment to him at times. She was a strong-willed person, very imperious and brooked no interference. You had to sell her a bill of goods if your plans in campaigning or anything were opposite of hers.

Whenever he was out of public life, Malone resumed his engineering programs under the firm name of King and Malone. Note the name, "Malone Engineers" is still

carried in the phone book of this year of 1966, and it is the same location on East First Street, now the First National Building, where it was for over forty-five years.

Since "Molly" Malone passed away in Washington of throat cancer in August, 1961, Mrs. Malone to my knowledge never returned to Nevada. And I think there are few of us who have been favored by hearing from her. On one of my periodic trips recently to Washington, I ran across her, and she seemed her own attractive self. I think for awhile she was conducting public relations and a column in the newspapers edited by Mrs. Rountree. But as to whether she is connected with Mrs. Rountree now, I do not know.

Another well-known Nevada figure both political and otherwise was John V. Mueller, who unfortunately passed away only a few years ago at the height of a very fine career. He was closely associated with Norman Biltz.

I recall that in New York in 1927, Lieutenant Governor George A. Hatfield of California (who may have been United States District Attorney at that time; he held both positions) said he wanted me to meet a man who was thinking of going to Nevada. So I met the man at the Netherlands Hotel at 59th Street and Fifth Avenue in New York, and it was none other than Norman Biltz. Having some experience in Nevada, Mr. Biltz asked me if I would give him an introduction to some people there. I complied by sending by him a letter of introduction to the then United States Senator Tasker L. Oddie with whom my relationship has been well outlined before. He came out here and met Senator Oddie and a number of my other friends including George Springmeyer, who had been a former United States District Attorney in Nevada, and one of the Nevadans that I had assisted in getting into the armed services during World War I. As a matter of fact, Mr. Biltz had offices

with George Springmeyer in the old First National Bank building on First Street when he was getting started in the development of his business around here, which resolved satisfactorily for him.

Later on, when I became a permanent resident of Nevada in 1934, Johnny Mueller and myself were continually in contact with each other. He was perhaps the premier of all legislative lobbyists that it has ever been my good fortune to know and work with. And when I use the word lobbyist, it is not used in any but the most complimentary sense. He had a rare faculty of being able to diagnose the right approach to any political matter whether it be on a state or national basis. He was particularly adroit in being able to assist people (as well as himself) in getting legislation through the Nevada legislature. His word was practically the law, whether it was a Democratic or Republican legislator with whom he was dealing.

One great attribute of Johnny Mueller was that his word was his bond. In politics, if a man's word is not good, his bond is worthless. A number of times, he would call me up during the practically thirty years that we knew each other and were associated together in Nevada here, and ask me if I knew such and such a state senator or such and such an assemblyman. If so, would I please (if I felt like it) as him to support this and that measure.

I well remember when they were trying to put over the state inheritance tax bill here in Nevada some years ago. It just happened that three men in the legislature were employees of mine. I had given them leave of absence to go to the legislature from their respective counties. Mueller told me that they were in a pretty tight fix, and could I speak to them about opposing any inheritance tax law in Nevada. Without any obligation, either from me to Mueller or Mueller to me, I was able to

accommodate him. These were all done above board and there were no shady transactions of any kind, matter, or description between us. At no time did any cash or other emoluments pass between us; we just did it out of friendship for each other.

Likewise, there would be other times when Johnny would be doing things for me that I did not learn about until afterwards. For instance, he was chairman of the State Textbook Commission at one time. They were introducing some books for the students of Nevada schools to read, one of which had a lot, of derogatory reflection on some of my past experiences. And Johnny Mueller had those books promptly put on the shelves and not used in the schools of the state as textbooks. I did not find out about this until afterwards; Johnny did not run and tell me about it.

To go back to Governor Scrugham's administration (and this was before I knew Johnny Mueller personally) he and "Molly" Malone, were given jobs by Governor Scrugham during his administration. The rumor that I referred to before of Malone being won over by the Balzar forces also applies to Johnny Mueller. I understand by rumor alone (told me by Mrs. Scrugham before she died), Johnny had been one of the people induced to leave Governor Scrugham and support Governor Balzar at the time of the election in 1926. But in spite of my almost thirty years of friendship and contact with Johnny Mueller, we never discussed that.

When World War II opened early in 1942, Johnny Mueller and I were called before the Military Examining Board to see if we should have the commissions that we had in World War I issued to us again. I neglected to say that Johnny Mueller served in World War I with a very creditable record in the 91st division, which was recruited from Nevada, California, Oregon, and Washington. By irony of fate,

Johnny Mueller was being examined for the captaincy, and I was being examined for the lieutenant colonelcy. He made me promise that when I had my commission I would see to it that he was transferred to my command. We were both ordered to Fort Douglas, Utah. But when they found out my age, they would not commission me in the infantry as I had expected and wanted to be. They offered me a desk job in Washington, which I declined.

Johnny Mueller went on to rise to the rank of colonel in World War II. He was a provost marshal of Manila when the U. S. forces captured Manila and drove the Japs out of there. He was duly cited for his conduct in World War II. As soon as Manila was properly taken over and cleaned up, Johnny Mueller returned to this country and resumed his civic pursuits.

Mueller was always a close friend of George Wingfield's and of State Senator Noble Getchell. In the old days of the Grand Cafe (which is now occupied by Harrah's Club), you could go in there every day and there would be George Wingfield, Noble Getchell, Johnny Mueller and several others of their close cronies having lunch together. You could always find them there and if they had a place at the table, they would always invite you to sit with them.

Johnny Mueller was also a great help to me in getting legislation through the Nevada Legislature when we were struggling to reactivate the Nevada State Park system and provide the Nevada State Park Commissions with sufficient funds to operate. He came to me voluntarily whenever I would be over in Carson to check with me as to which assemblyman or which senator was lukewarm or for us or against us. So he was a great help to all of us, me particularly, in that line. And in turn, as I have said before, I sometimes spoke to a legislator on behalf of some of his affairs.

Johnny Mueller in his later years was very closely associated with Norman Biltz. Mr. Biltz is a gentleman that I have very close and friendly relations with and whom I had gotten to know a number of years before he came to Nevada. As a matter of fact, when they were building the Holiday Hotel (later taken over by the Newt Crumley interests), they offered me the job of public relations officer. But having been retired and not desiring to be required to tend to any particular job, I did not go into it with them. Mr. Biltz and I see each other often. Sometimes he can do me a favor, sometimes I can do him a favor, and that's the way it is.

Another noted Nevada character and statesman that I have not spoken of is Raymond T. Baker. He came from an old Nevada family. His brother Cleve Baker was Attorney General of Nevada during Oddie's administration as governor. I've remarked before that Oddie was back in Washington when Cleve Baker died. Gilbert Ross, then Lieutenant Governor of Nevada, was able to make the appointment, and appointed George Thatcher.

Raymond T. Baker was the warden at the Nevada State Prison at Carson City under Governor Oddie. I remember there was quite a bit of commotion going into marital matters when Oddie was a bachelor. I think the Baker boys would like to have married him off to one of their sisters, but it didn't come off that way. But to cut a long story short, Ray Baker graduated to Washington under the Wilson administration where he was director of the Mint. He was very, very close to William G. McAdoo who was the son-in-law of President Woodrow Wilson. He could be found every day at the administration table at the Shoreham Hotel at 15th and A Streets where the administration table for lunch was the mecca of all eyes.

Well, Ray Baker, knowing my Nevada connections when I came to Washington for temporary duty early in 1918, approached me to help a friend of his named George Springmeyer, a young Nevada attorney, to get a commission in the Army. It seems that Springmeyer was a little bit short; his stature would not comply with the physical regulations. So Ray Baker appealed to me. He said, "You've got to get Springmeyer off of my back and get him in the service somehow." So to cut a long story short, I was able to be instrumental in getting George Springmeyer commissioned in the Ordnance Corps of the United States Army, and he served abroad very creditably.

Later on, in 1920, I was operating with George Wingfield to assist Oddie financially in his campaign for the Senate, and at the same time obtain the delegates from Nevada for General Wood for the 1920 convention. All these matters went off satisfactorily. So when the Republicans took over the government in Washington in 1921, George Springmeyer came to me and said that he wanted to be appointed United States District Attorney from Nevada which was, of course, a very lucrative position in those days and a very important one. After I had several conferences with Mr. Wingfield both in Nevada and personally, he agreed as the Republican National Committeeman as did Senator Oddie, as the incoming United States Senator from Nevada, to George Springmeyer's appointment as United States District Attorney from Nevada. What we did not know at that time (and this is not said in criticism of George Springmeyer) was that he took his job most seriously and he was as opposed to liquor as Carry Nation was.

The Volstead Act had been put in operation, passed by Congress, but in many other states it was a dead letter. It was an

open secret, for example, that at Cal-Neva on the north shore of Lake Tahoe, where the boundary line in the dance hall ran between California and Nevada, that whenever they heard the prohibition agents coming, they would move all of the liquor out of the way. The agents wouldn't find anything when they got there.

Well, George Springmeyer started out to put the Volstead Act into operation viciously. He had Captain Donnelly of the Nevada State Police arrested for having liquor on his person. Woe be to anybody—no matter who he was—that would transport contraband liquor around Nevada or across the state line that was in George Springmeyer's jurisdiction. Woe be to him if George Springmeyer found out about it! The operations of my friend George Springmeyer became so widespread that both Senator Oddie and George Wingfield appealed to me personally to find some way to get him off the job. They said he was ruining the party in Nevada and that they couldn't put up with him much longer.

So I arranged with my connections in Washington to have him offered the job as General Counsel of the Veteran's Administration then with a salary of five thousand dollars a year, which was a pretty good government salary in those days. I'll never forget George asked me over the phone, "Are you doing this to get rid of me in Nevada?" And I said, "Frankly, I am." To which he replied, "You can take the job; I don't want it. But I'll send in my resignation to the District Attorney tonight." After that, Harry H. Atkinson was appointed in his place.

To continue with George Springmeyer. He has always been a close friend of mine in spite of our difference of opinions on many matters. He also took part in the formation of The American Legion in Nevada, and at one time was one of its leading exponents here.

In later years he became dissatisfied with some of the national legislative programs of The American Legion, and he has not been a very active member. But over the years I have known him very well.

As a matter of fact, George Springmeyer's charming wife Sallie, who is interested in many civic affairs around Reno, was introduced to him by me. She came from a very prominent German-Italian family who lived in New York; I can't remember the name. She desired to come to Nevada to dissolve a very unpleasant marriage at that time. So in the early 30's I recommended that she come to George Springmeyer for her attorney. After he had obtained her a divorce, it resulted in George and Sallie getting married. I well remember her father telling me in New York with great wroth that he turned his daughter over to me not to get married but to get rid of one husband; and here she comes back engaged to another one! But I might say this, that over the thirty or more years that they have been married, they have been a very happy couple.

As a matter of fact, Sallie went down to the Stanford University Law School, took a course in law, and was a member of the Nevada Bar. And for many years, she and George Springmeyer and the present United States Judge Bruce Thompson were in a law firm together. The firm only dissolved when Judge Thompson went on the bench a few years ago. Unfortunately, George Springmeyer has been the victim of a very bad stroke for the last few years, and has had to withdraw from all activity. He does travel once in awhile to the family ranch and farm near Markleeville, California.

George Springmeyer was very handy with his fists in the earlier days. I well remember when we were trying to get the Nevada delegates for General Wood in the 1920

presidential campaign. The Honorable Sam Platt, a most distinguished Nevada lawyer ran against Pittman twice for the Senate. He lost by less than a hundred votes. He was also a former United States District Attorney. Platt didn't exactly go along with Springmeyer's ideas. So unfortunately, Springmeyer took it out on him one day in the elevator in the office building, which upset the apple cart quite a lot politically! For some years afterwards there was bad blood between them. As a matter of fact, Springmeyer, who used to play on the golf course, served notice on Sam Platt that if his wife drove any more golf balls near his head (as she done several times), he would take it out on him. And he said, "Futhermore, when I'm crossing the street, I don't want her to try to run me down in the automobile!"*

I mentioned Sam Platt. Sam Platt was one of the most eminent lawyers in Nevada. He only passed away in 1965 at the age of ninety-three years. I previously mentioned the fact that he came near going to the United States Senate twice by losing with majorities of less than a hundred, and he was also United states District Attorney of Nevada. He was very active in many civic affairs; he was a great Rotarian. I well remember that Sam Platt asked me to address the Rotary Club here in 1921 when I was out here visiting (and also when I established my residence here after 1933). He was particularly interested in the park program which I was trying to publicize and sell to the people of Nevada at that time. In later years, of course, he overlooked and forgot the earlier unpleasantness that he had had with Springmeyer, although I do not know if he and Springmeyer ever made up. I've seen them ride up and down the elevator of the old First National Bank Building and to all intents and purposes, I don't think either one of them acknowledged the presence of the other.

Mr. Platt was always very gracious towards me, and would from time to time send me treatises that he wrote on public questions and ask my opinion of them. Or he would engage me in conversation on the current events of the day. He was keen-minded right up until the time that he passed away in 1965. He was also a very loyal and active Mason, and being an active member of that fraternity myself, I felt that we had that bond in common between us.

Too much cannot be said about Sam Platt and his influence upon Nevada history over the last fifty years. He also owned the old defunct mining ghost town of Fairview in Churchill County, which you can see as you travel east on Route 50, just before you get to Frenchman's Station in Dixie Valley.

As I've previously said, Harry H. Atkinson was a Spanish-American War veteran who served with the Utah Cavalry Troop in the Spanish-American War. He was Senator Oddie's and George Wingfield's selection to succeed Springmeyer as United States District Attorney, so he took over that job in the 20's and did a very creditable operation and held office until the Roosevelt administration came in 1933.

I didn't know Harry Atkinson in those days, but in later years, particularly the last fifteen years in Reno, I became very close and friendly with him. Not only because of the fact that he is a Spanish-American War veteran and I've been active in The American Legion, but also because we were both members of the vestry of Trinity Episcopal Church in Reno. We have both been delegates from that church to a number of Episcopal Church convocations of the last few years around the state. He only recently retired as chancellor of

*Springmeyer died in May, 1966.

the Episcopal Missionary District in Nevada under our present bishop, the Right Reverend William Wright. He was married several years ago to a very charming lady after the death of his first wife. It is a pleasure to see them come to church and the devotion of both of them to each other. Harry Atkinson is in his middle eighties and is a remarkable character, both physically and mentally.

I also might add something of a Nevada friend, Niel McGill of Ely. His father was in the famous Adams-McGill cattle outfit in the early 70's, 80's and 90's. Niel was a classmate of mine at Yale in 1908. His son William McGill was at the Naval Academy during the time that my son was there, and they both rowed on the crew together. William McGill graduated in 1935, my son in 1937. Bill McGill, after a very creditable record in the United States Marine Corps, was retired as a full colonel some years ago and now lives in southern California.

Another of my good friends is Walter S. Baring. I have known Walter for many, many years particularly when he came out of World War II. I was instrumental in trying to get him a job as head of the United States Veterans Employment Service, Department of Labor, in the fourteen western states and with particular reference to Nevada. His family had been in the furniture business, which had not been working out very well. Walter had a very creditable record at the University of Nevada where he graduated with honors. Before the war, he was one of Reno's City Councilmen, and he also had a teacher's certificate, but this didn't do him much good when he came home from active service in the Navy in World War II.

In 1948, he was the Democratic nominee for Congress against my warm, personal friend Charles H. Russell, who was then completing his first term in Washington.

Walter went on to win the election in 1948. He was re-elected in 1950.

Being chairman of the National Legislative Liaison Committee of The American Legion over these years, I naturally had contacts with Walter Baring and other congressman when I went back to Washington. He started out his service on the Veterans' Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, a very important committee to anyone interested in veterans legislation.

At the start, Walter was a simon-pure adherent of Democratic policies in the House of Representatives and always went down the line where there were any strict party votes. However, in 1952, he came a cropper, and was defeated by Clifton Young, the Republican nominee, by a scant seven hundred votes.

He came back to Nevada, and frankly speaking, he had a pretty rough time making ends meet. He had married a very nice girl from Chicago and they had an up and coming family. He also was a nominee in 1954, and was again defeated by Clifton Young. However after two terms in Congress, Cliff Young decided in 1956 to challenge Senator Bible who was filling out the unexpired term of the late Senator McCarran and was coming up for election for his first full term.

I have no apologies to make when I state that I supported Alan Bible for the Senate that year, Walter Baring for Congress, and Adali Stevenson for president. I didn't like the way the Eisenhower forces had shoved Bob Taft aside in the 1952 National Republican Convention. Even though I was a registered Republican at that time, I voted Democratic. Following Walter Baring's election to Congress in 1956 and his subsequent service in Congress since then, he had been elected seven times, which is more than any other person has ever been elected to the lower House of Congress from Nevada.

He has in my mind been one of the saving graces in the House of Representatives. He is not a rubber stamp for anyone whether it be a Republican or a Democratic administration. He has shown that he places the interests of his country and his state ahead of any political considerations. He in my mind almost votes like a Republican congressman should vote (and while I am saying this, there are a couple dozen Republican congressmen in the last Congress and in the present Congress who ought to be Democrats the way they vote). I can't pay too high a tribute to Walter Baring for the statesmanship that he has exhibited by his votes and his course in Congress.

I happen to know that Baring is not very popular with the Democratic leadership. I personally have been on the floor of the House which I am privileged to be on as being an ex-congressman, and I've seen Speaker McCormack pass him up like a dirty shirt several times. Walter should by all reason have gone to the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives by reason of his long tenure of service. They still keep him on two very important committees. He is a high ranking member of the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee which of course has much to do with Nevada, and he is chairman of the Subcommittee on Public Lands which has everything to do with Nevada. He is also number three on the Veterans Affairs Committee, and his seniority on both of these committees are a great value to Nevada. It is to be hoped that sometime the Democratic leadership of the House of Representatives will wake up and put him on the Appropriations Committee where he should be.

Another close friend with whom I have been privileged to work in public life over the last ten years or more is our present senior United States Senator, Alan Bible. I well

remember Alan Bible when he was Attorney General of the State of Nevada and a great friend and protege of the late Senator Patrick H. McCarran. It is no secret that in 1946, Patrick McCarran would have liked to have had Alan Bible as a nominee for Congress instead of Malcolm McEachin, who was the candidate of the so-called Woodburn-Thatcher group in the Democratic party. And later on in 1948, he would have liked him to be the Democratic candidate for Congress rather than Walter Baring. But they were saving Alan for lucrative fields later on.

In 1952, the newcomer and kind of an upstart named Thomas B. Mechling ran for the Senate in Nevada and was defeated by George W. "Molly" Malone with the help of Senator McCarran. In the fall of 1954, when Senator McCarran died a scant thirty days before the election, Alan Bible was nominated by the Democratic State Central Committee as a candidate for Congress against Ernest Brown, who had been appointed ad interim United States Senator by Governor Russell. Alan went on to be elected United States Senator in 1954, and served the remaining two years of that term coming up in 1956 for a full term of six years. His opponent, as I have said, was Cliff Young, who left a fairly certain sure seat in Congress to run against Alan Bible. Young was defeated by 5,000 votes.

I had the privilege or the distinction, if I may say, of delivering the eulogy at the time Senator McCarran's sarcophagus was dedicated with all of the ritualistic proceedings of the Catholic Church at the Mountain View Cemetery some time in 1955 after he passed away.

While I'm on that subject I might add that, as an officer of The American Legion, I was responsible for introducing into the Nevada legislature of 1955 the bill which provided for Senator McCarran's statue to be placed in

Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington. Under the law, there can be only two prominent people who can have their statues at Statuary Hall from any state. One of the difficulties of getting the bill through was that there were enough adherents of Senator Pittman's in the Nevada legislature in 1955 to try to insist that if McCarran was going to have a statue there, Key Pittman should have one; but we were able to limit the provision for the statue exclusively to Senator McCarran as it is today.

Since then, Senator Bible has had a very fine career in Washington. He is a member of the Finance Committee, and is in a position to wield great influence on that committee with respect to measures that concern Nevada. He is also the Chairman of the Senate District Committee, and known as the unofficial Mayor of Washington. Any and every ordinance having to do with the operation of the District of Columbia—the same as it would be in any other city—must pass through Senator Bible's committee before it can become a law.

I've had, naturally, many dealings with Senator Bible over the years that he has been United States Senator because of the legislation in which I am interested from an American Legion or veteran standpoint. And without exception, he has always been a great assistance to us.

On the social end of things, I've always had the pleasure of having Senator Bible as my guest in Washington. Only last June when I was in Washington on legislative business, my oldest granddaughter, Miss Lesley W. Bissell who is a student at Sweetbriar College in Sweetbriar, Virginia, was in Washington for a weekend so I could show her the sights. Senator Bible very graciously entertained up at the Capitol and showed us around.

We all know that when Senator Bible was serving his two years of the McCarran

term, he expressed a desire not to go back to the Senate. One can hardly blame him when you understand the great drudgery that a Senator or Congressman must go through. It isn't all peaches and cream, but fortunately he was induced to stand again for election and as I say, was elected. He came up again in 1962 for re-election to his full second term. At that time I was placed on the reception committee for a fine party given Senator Bible here by a number of his nonpartisan friends. At that time, as I am now, I was a member of the Washoe County Republican Committee, which caused a number of my Republican friends to look askance toward me, but I did not intend to change my support and opinion and affection for Senator Bible for anyone, regardless of party.

This work would not be complete without mention of several more friends who have had much to do with my life in Nevada.

Victor F. Whittlesea has been associated with me for over twenty years, commencing in the 1940's when he returned honorably discharged from World War II and became active in the affairs of The American Legion in southern Nevada. Since then he has progressed through all of the chairs in The American Legion; Commander of Las Vegas Post 8, Commander of the largest district in the state, Department Commander, National Vice-Commander for the fourteen western departments, and for many years Department Agent until 1965, when his business and other interests dictated his relinquishing these duties. I have such confidence in him that I designated him as one of the executors of my last will and testament together with Mr. Ioannis A. Lougaris, a prominent attorney of Reno and intimately known as Johnny to the scores of his friends. Just briefly, Mr. Whittlesea runs the largest taxi cab business in Reno and Las Vegas and is also proprietor and

owner of probably one of the finest equipped coin shops in the western area located on North Virginia Street near Fourth Street (I do not put this in as an advertisement.)

This reference to Johnny Lougaris would not be complete unless I gave you a brief history of his life. He arrived here in 1907 from Greece, a poor, immigrant lad not speaking any English. Over the years he was employed in various hotels, restaurants, etc., and found himself at the opening of World War I in the 91st Division being trained for overseas work at Camp Lewis, Washington. In 1918 when his division was engaged along the Vesle River and the Name, in those hot engagements he was shot through the lungs and invalided to a base hospital. However, he was determined to get back to the front again and took part in the offensive of the 91st Division later on in Belgium in 1918. When he was returned to the states, it was determined that he did not have long to live on account of having only one good lung, the other having been shot out.

Lougaris therefore moved to Nevada, as he thought to end his days very shortly. He was proprietor of a fruit stand in front of the Nevada Supreme Court building in Carson City, and as a result of that became intimately known to many of the prominent lawyers and all of the justices of the Supreme Court. They induced him to take up law as a study, and he became a member of the Bar of the State of Nevada in 1927. Since that time he had progressed until he is one of the leading lawyers in Reno, very well fixed, and as I have said, a very close and intimate friend of mine. He also has been very active in The American Legion for over forty years, and has held high office in that organization.

Another and the last of my intimate and personal friends that I shall refer to is the Reverend John T. Ledger, former rector of

the Trinity Episcopal Church in Reno. Even though I was confirmed as a communicant of the Episcopal Church back in Delaware in my teens, I did not fully realize the value of being active in the church until I was invited to do so by Reverend Ledger, after he came here in 1945. I do not mean by this that I did not go to church or attend religious services, but he had much to do in bringing me to the realization of my spiritual responsibilities and was responsible for my becoming active in the affairs of Trinity Church in Reno. He married Eleanor and myself on December 24, 1946. Then, starting out as the parish treasurer in the middle 1950's, and an elected member of the Episcopal Foundation of Nevada under the later Bishop of Nevada, William Fisher Lewis, from 1954 to 1957, I served on the vestry for two terms totaling seven years, and I was also junior warden in 1964 and 1965. It has been a great solace for me to perform these duties.. The Reverend Ledger is now the rector of an Episcopal church near Monterey, California. I am now the head usher of the Episcopal Church in Reno, by appointment of the previous rector, the Reverend James Shaw and the present Rector, the Reverend James E. Carroll.

CONCLUSION

I shall close this very pleasant series of interviews with a summation of what life has meant to one approaching his eighty-first year. First, let me express to God Almighty my humble thanks for permitting me to be here beyond one's allotted time. At times too numerous to count, the power of the Almighty has stood between me and oblivion. It took many years and many mistakes to come to the realization of this. I am thankful that it came before it was too late to realize and appreciate the blessings bestowed and to act accordingly. Nostalgic contemplation can be an enjoyable pastime within one's inner self. Of late years, these thoughts have rocketed through my mind and covered every conceivable detail of literally thousands of incidents and numerous associations long ended by the ravages of time. Such are not in the category of looking backwards with any regrets, but rather with spirit to look forward to more years of productive activity which a kind Providence has given me the opportunity to enjoy.

The most difficult situation to realize and to accept is that you are living in a third, or

even a fourth phase of your life, and that the many people and associations that you were once able to rely upon, or to call upon, are no longer here. Many of your contacts now are with the younger elements who do not see or understand as you do, which causes a feeling of being passed over or watching the parade go by. Since active retirement June 30, 1956, by reason of age, and after almost thirty-five years of congressional, military, and civil service, it has been a Godsend to me to have plenty to do in the various civic activities discussed here before.

I owe much, if not everything, to Nevada for giving me the opportunity to pass my declining years in such pleasant surroundings and among so many loyal and understanding friends and acquaintances. So having roamed from the Balkans to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico and over all the forty-eight continental United States, I will sound off.

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